

Ernest Harold Baynes

Naturalist and Crusader



By Raymond Gorges

ERNEST HAROLD
BAYNES

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THIS is the life-story of an unusual man, a man who loved animals and made them love him, who made pets of a fox, a coyote, a wild boar, who broke a pair of buffalo calves to harness, who won the confidence of a wild mother skunk, and who wrote accounts of his experiences that were no less true than fascinating, for if he loved the wild things he loved truth no less.

All who are interested in wild life and its conservation, all who enjoy a well-told story of courageous and active life, will enjoy this book.

Illustrated

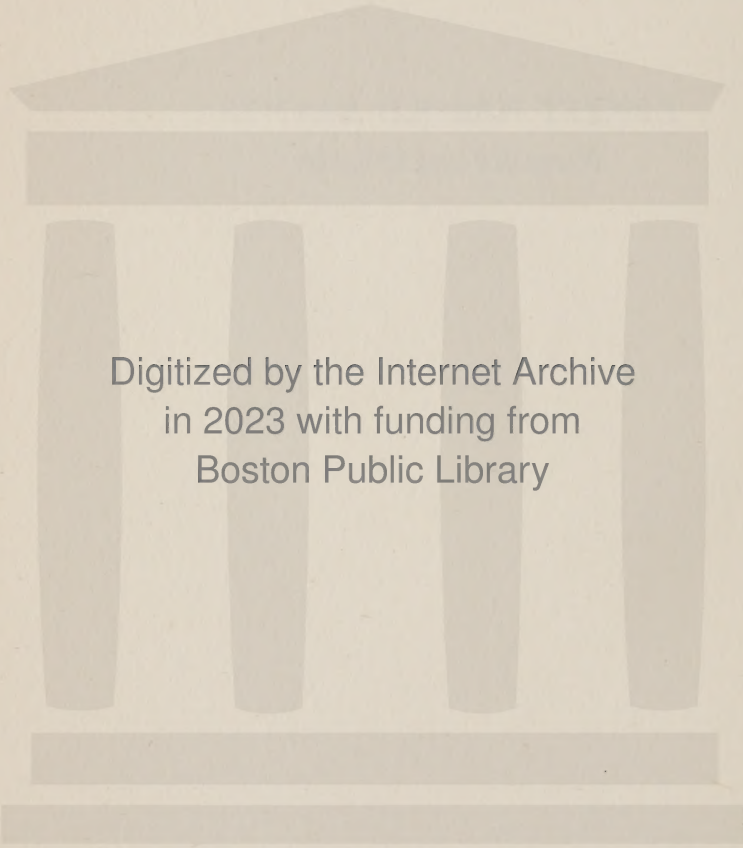
ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

By RAYMOND GORGES

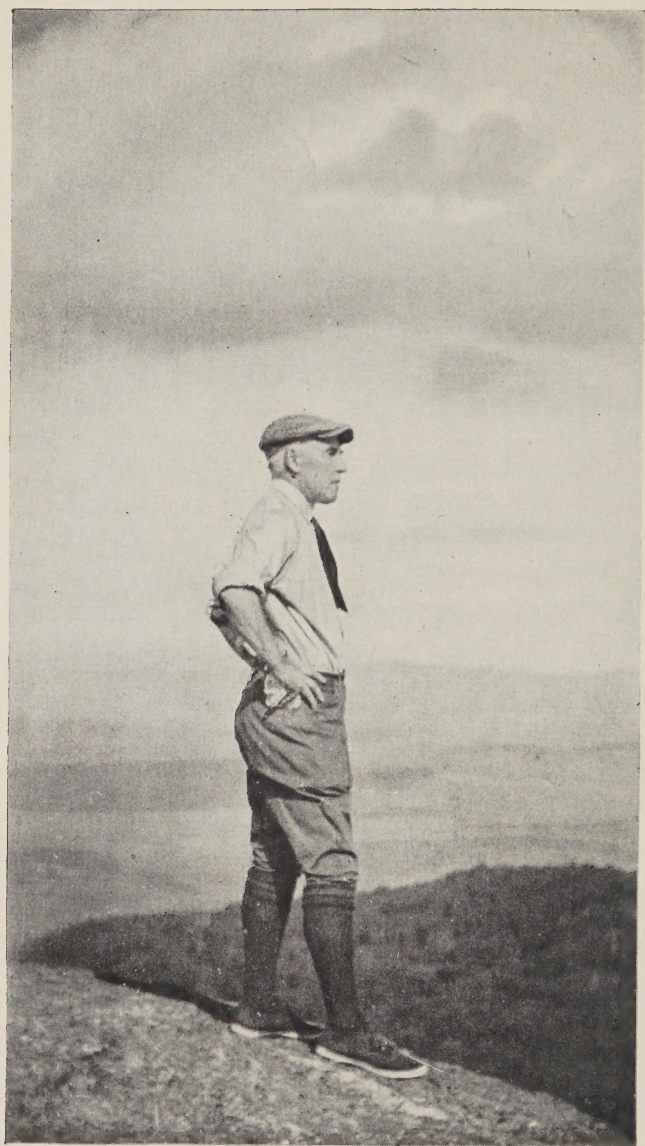


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Harold Baynes.

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BY

RAYMOND GORGES

With Illustrations



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TO
ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

God's greatest gift, a strong man,
A strong man for a friend,
To travel down life's river
Beside us to the end.

God gave to us a strong man,
A strong man for a friend;
He reached the sea before us,
Where sky and water blend.

'Pass on, pass on, 'tis glorious!
'There still are foes to fight,
'There still is truth to live for,
'The sea is bathed in light.

'You gained the things you longed for,
'You found the river sweet,
'But oh! the sea, the sea, man,
'It heaves beneath your feet.

'Its billows reach to heaven —
'What matters how you died?
'The strongest man among us
'On earth was crucified.

'Pass on, pass on, 'tis glorious!
'The sails fill fast, my friend,
'Upon the far horizon
'The beams of light ascend.'

God gave to us a strong man,
A strong man for a friend;
We shall be strong to follow
Around the river's bend.

G. G.

PREFACE

THOSE who had the privilege of friendship with Ernest Harold Baynes consider it a rare experience. He brought to it the highest qualities of a virile spirit, added to an indescribable charm.

But beside this memory is another, never to be effaced, of a strong man striding through the forest, accompanied by his friend, a superb red fox. Not a nut fell to the ground, not a dry leaf rustled under the foot of some frail wild thing, not a cry from the air, but both were alert, eager, and understanding. When they rested by an old log, the fox looked up into the face of his friend with the smile that was given to him alone.

Long years ago the fox vanished into the wilderness, sent thither by the unselfish love of his human protector. Now the strong man has gone out into the open of the Great Beyond. His life was a battle to win for the creatures of the wild the friendship of all humanity. Whatever the strange gifts he possessed may have been, a patient, unswerving love was the bedrock of his character, and it led him into a communion with Nature that we may well envy.

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ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES



CHAPTER I

FINE METAL

AT Calcutta, noted among the cities of the world for its enervating climate, an English child was born on May Day, 1868. He was rosy and vigorous, and it was evident that he was amply endowed with the sturdy characteristics of his race. But India is a land where the Northern sapling cannot grow straight and strong, and so it came about that after three or four years little Ernest Harold Baynes was brought home to his mother-land, there to breathe a more invigorating air.

His father, John Baynes, had settled in Calcutta in order to engage in the foreign shipping business, and at twenty-two had become a member of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce. Rather than face the separation from wife and children that would be rendered inevitable in the Indian climate, he returned to England when he

was little more than thirty. Being above all things an inventor, he emigrated, in 1875, to the United States, where he believed he could find greater scope for his talents. His list of achievements is long and notable. He invented celluloid photographic films, as well as a gold etching photographic process. He also invented photographic modeling, and many other processes in connection with the arts. He was the first to model sound vibrations by photography, and to find a way of producing musical and other sounds from graphic designs. He was one of the earliest advocates of a distinctive American art, a theme on which he both wrote and lectured. He also wrote the 'Chronicles of Westchester County.' Rich he never became, but he possessed the good name that is rather to be desired than riches, and he inculcated in his children the fine principles derived from Quaker ancestors. In appearance, John Baynes was tall, graceful, and distinguished, with finely modeled head and hands. His wife, Helen Augusta Nowill Baynes, was a woman of strong, buoyant spirit, and of kindly, forgiving nature — characteristics which she seems to have transmitted to her son.



JOHN BAYNES

Harold was little more than six years old, and the blue skies of the Orient, the palms that turned into silver in the moonlight, had scarcely faded from his childish memory when again the world changed for him. This time he found himself facing the serious business of life at an English boarding-school, while his parents sailed westward across the Atlantic Ocean.

Of those early days, when Harold was unconsciously proving that good blood will tell, two incidents are recorded which become interesting in the light of later developments. One day he became absorbed in the study of the strange marine creatures that he found on the seashore. Willingly would he have remained, but, since he must return to the uncongenial life of slates and sums, he compromised by placing two crabs in his pocket. They were found crawling in his desk, and he went supperless to bed. On another occasion, two or three years later, the scholars were taking their Sunday walk. It chanced that a hedgehog had chosen the same time for its afternoon amble. Their paths met, and Harold at once became interested — much more interested than the hedgehog was in Harold.

The master sided with the hedgehog, and forbade the boys to touch it. But its fascination for the future naturalist proving irresistible, somehow it came about that the thing traveled back to school under his jacket. It rolled itself into a tight ball, and protested after the manner of its kind, passively, but pointedly. However, the captor bore the pain without flinching, and at length reaching school liberated the prize in a secluded spot, so that he might observe it at leisure. But alas! Authority, ever foe to youthful genius, stalked in with birch rod, to prevent the acquisition of knowledge not included in the curriculum.

The boy was eleven when he rejoined his parents, and entered upon the free and active life of American youth. His home was in the country, in a locality which has changed much in the course of half a century, and is now known as Bronx Park. He was the eldest of four, three boys and a girl, and he seems to have been full of an energy which never allowed him to be idle. When not at his lessons, or playing games, he was roving the hedgerows, or exploring the Bronx River in one of his rowboats. Thus he came to

know every inch of the surrounding country, from Woodlawn to Long Island Sound. He amassed a large collection of stamps, and at one time, with the idea of making his fortune, turned his attention to squabs. But it was the grain dealer who made the fortune, for Harold became so much attached to the birds that he could not make up his mind to sell one of them.

During these years his interest in natural objects was fostered and guided by his father, who amid all his own activities still found time to take his children for long, delightful country rambles. Under his father's tutelage, and with the aid of his own keen eyes, Harold quickly learnt to know the birds and beasts, and his taste for nature gradually developed into a passion.

But the more wholesome and pleasant they are, the more swiftly do the hours of boyhood seem to speed, and so it came about that at seventeen Harold began to feel his responsibility to add to the resources of the family. He therefore obtained a post in the office of a firm of Westchester lawyers, and throughout the long midsummer holidays endured the monotony of

copying documents. But even the serving of writs, which brought him out of doors and exercised his ingenuity, could only afford temporary relief to work that was proving dull and unattractive. It was a blind alley, and he wisely turned back to finish his schooling. The following year he graduated from the High School, being valedictorian of his class.

In the fall of 1887, Harold became a freshman at the College of the City of New York, where he kept himself in trim by entering with ardor into the athletic side of the life. During his first year he was captain of the lacrosse team; but it was in running and walking that he most distinguished himself. For four successive years he won the mile race, and for three the cross-country race, and even after college days were over he continued to participate in such contests. Thus, in 1892, he was third in a steeplechase run of two miles with twenty-eight obstructions, and two years later won second place in a field of ten in a ten-mile race for the championship of America. In 1896, he was fifth in the first Marathon race ever held in the United States, over a course of twenty-five miles, from Stamford, Connecticut,



ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES
About Twelve



to New York City. All his life he was a walker, and a country tramp of twenty, thirty, or even forty miles was no uncommon event. He could run, too, when occasion required, and he was an accomplished horseman.

As a college student, Harold was a slender, wiry, active youth, of medium height. Gradually his frame filled out in solid muscle; he never put on an ounce of spare flesh. An incident that occurred during college days illustrates his powers of endurance, both of body and of mind. The record, preserved in his own writing, is modest; at times quizzical. It appears that the day had come to return to college, but a snowstorm was raging. Hardly realizing the full severity of the weather, Harold set forth on foot for the railroad station. There was a head wind and blinding snow, but he felt exhilarated, being protected with an overcoat, a waterproof, and rubber boots reaching high above his knees.

At Westchester station he found the train blocked. In one of the carriages there were about twenty men and boys of his acquaintance, and he proposed that all should walk down to New York in a body. The idea, however, was scouted,

and Harold started alone. It was bitterly cold, and the snow driven against the right side of his face froze instantly. But at length he reached Van Nest station, there to find many other persons waiting for the train. They, too, refused to accompany him; so, tying a newspaper under his cap, he continued his path alone.

Progress was slow. The wind came in furious gusts, and at one time the cap and the newspaper burst from their moorings. He regained them with difficulty, and with fervent relief, for he feared the consequences of wind and snow beating on his bare head. At West Farms all the houses were closed up tight, but one man raised a window to call,

‘What are you doing? Where are you going?’

‘I’m going to New York.’

‘Yes, you’ll get there!’ was the reply, as the window was banged down.

The long, rolling snowdrifts on the Southern Boulevard were difficult to negotiate. The boy was cold, his high boots were full of snow, and sometimes he sank to his waist. His face was covered with ice; even his eyes seemed to be freezing. His back ached, too, and tiredness was

creeping on. And now he had one of those strange experiences of the mind, or perhaps of some sense beyond mind, such as come to persons standing on the brink of eternity. Harold called it a revelation, but he could not describe it; he did not think that language was capable of describing it. But he did attempt to put in words his sense of the overpowering might of the elements, and of the slenderness of the thread on which life depends. Later he learned that, close to the place through which he was struggling, two men had fallen and lay dead beneath the snow.

But visions and gloomy forebodings vanished quickly, when he came upon a stretch of road from which the snow had been swept by the wind. Then he turned again to the railroad track, still to find the snow of no great depth. But the wind had in no wise abated, and, as he came to the trestlework bridge over the water, the noise was like the roar of a hurricane. Fortunately the cross-timbers were fairly free of snow, and he stepped carefully, keeping both arms extended to prevent himself from falling through in case of a slip. As there was also danger of being blown off, he leaned against the wind; but when the

wind sank for an instant, he nearly lost his balance. Nor were his difficulties over when the bridge had been crossed, for he was suffering severely from cold, his gloves were frozen to his hands, and the side of his face was coated with ice. An empty signal-box afforded a relief that was but momentary, for, as he writes, 'though only three or four hundred yards further had to be covered, it seemed that for me to cross it in my then condition was about as practicable as to cross Siberia. The wind, I thought, had surely fallen below the zero point, and nature pleaded very hard with me to turn my back to it, or even to find shelter in the snow. But better sense told me that these were dangerous promptings, and all my thoughts were bent on forcing my unwilling limbs to do their duty.'

He persevered, and after a time — a time that seemed very long indeed — he neared a switch-box, from which presently proceeded the welcome shout of 'Say, come in here!' Then a couple of men removed his cap and rubbed his ears, and he realized that he was in safety.

He had walked a distance of eight miles in the height of one of the most furious blizzards of

which there is any record. Harold set down several amusing reasons for doing what appeared to be a very foolish thing, relegating his desire to reach college to the very last place. Perhaps the true motive was that he chose the hazardous way because he happened to be a youth with muscles of steel, an iron will, and a taste for adventure — and chose it as naturally as those twenty sensible persons the shelter of the railroad carriage. Such a youth feels in every fiber of his being that ‘it is better to live one day like a lion than a hundred years like a lamb.’

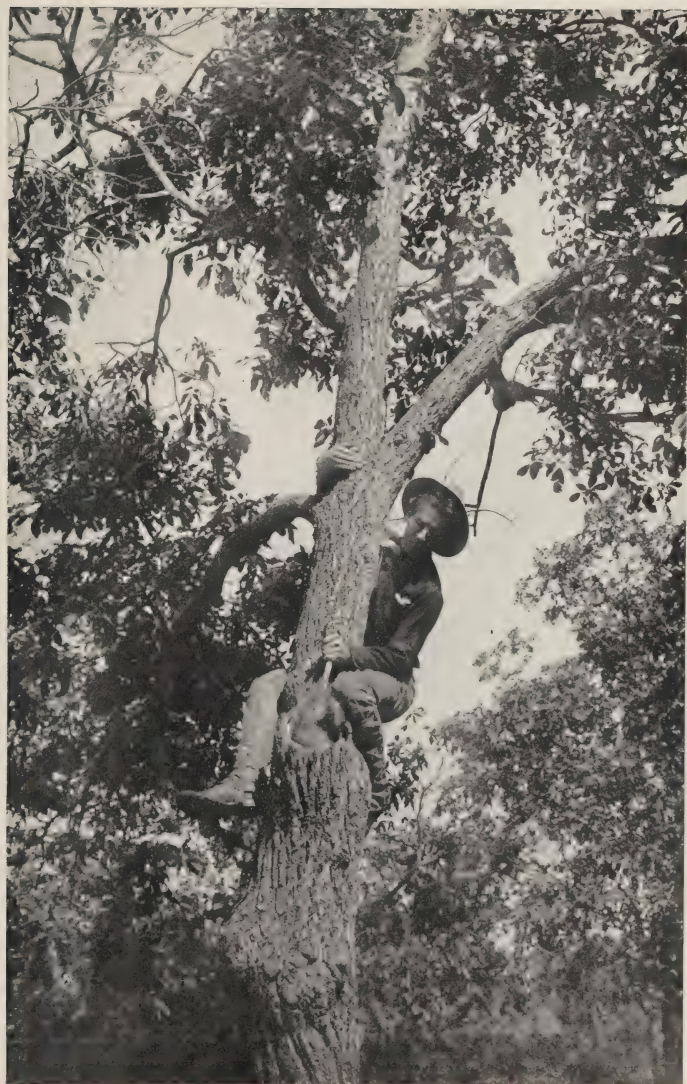
But need one call foolish that fight with the blizzard, which brought Harold Baynes face to face with the relentless powers of nature, and deepened his infinite sympathy with the wild creatures whose daily portion it is to fight terror, mystery, and pain?

CHAPTER II

A YOUTHFUL NATURALIST

ON leaving college, Baynes became a reporter on the staff of the 'New York Times' for about a year, 1891-92, but the work proved too exacting for him, and he fell ill with muscular rheumatism. On recovering he joined his father, and for several years thereafter continued to act as assistant in the delicate work on which John Baynes's inventive brain and artistic fingers were continually employed. But the young man's heart was in the open, and every half-holiday found him in the woods and fields around Stamford, where his father had bought a home. Whenever free, he delighted in going off on exploring expeditions with his brother John, or with other companions fired with his own enthusiasm. Thus the Connecticut countryside became as familiar as his old Westchester haunts, and he started a notebook in which he made careful records of his observations and discoveries.

In 1894, when he was twenty-six years old, Baynes became engaged to Louise Birt O'Con-



AN OPOSSUM BY THE TAIL

nell, a lover of the out-of-doors like himself, and at that time an art student. Though Miss O'Connell was a favorite with the Baynes family and the engagement gave great pleasure, the question of marrying had to be postponed. Within some years, perhaps, Harold might hold lucrative office in the company which his father was endeavoring to organize; in the meantime they must wait.

During this period there are frequent references in the notebook, which served also as a diary, to 'Birt's garden,' where the lovers gardened assiduously. Of one April morning he records: 'Beverley tablet out of acid this morning, and I decided to take another half-day off. Birt transplanted more seedling pansies, and I put down an alyssum border, and sowed some asters in a box.' The following day, the acid evidently having arrived, he waited until evening and 'worked in Birt's garden from 5.45 till 7.30 P.M. Planted cosmos and sweet-scented pansies in boxes, and some poppies and portulaca in the open ground.' In December of the same year he records: 'Whilst clearing away the rubbish in Birt's garden I discovered one perfect white

chrysanthemum bloom. Growing on the south side of the house, and protected by dead morning glories which overhung it, it had defied two snowstorms and frosts severe enough to give several days' skating.' That perfect white blossom was symbolic of a love which endured through all life's frosts and tempests!

But far away from the garden a storm was gathering, and at length war broke out between the United States and Spain. Of those who rallied to the colors, Baynes was one of the first of his company in the Connecticut National Guard to volunteer for active service. This company, which afterward became Company K, Third Connecticut Infantry, was composed chiefly of Stamford men, and it is interesting to recall that their uniform was dark blue. In due time Baynes and his comrades were mustered into the service of the United States, at first being stationed at Camp Haven, Niantic, Connecticut, and later at Camp Meade, Pennsylvania.

With his quick intelligence and splendid health, Baynes threw himself heart and soul into the work, and became a first-class soldier, popular with officers and men. It is on record that he

never missed a roll call or failed to obey an order, and that he conducted himself at all times in a manner becoming a soldier and a gentleman. He had the reputation of not having made a single mistake during the time he was Court Clerk in the Adjutant's Office. For several months he acted as correspondent of the 'Stamford Daily Advocate,' and his weekly articles were of such a character as to give a good impression of the company, the regiment, and the service generally. They are full of spirited anecdotes and news, and are interspersed with many kindly passages showing his thought for anxious mothers and sweethearts. He continued with the regiment for several weeks after it was moved to Camp Meade, and during that time succeeded in breaking up raids by the soldiers on neighboring apple orchards. The theft of their produce was exasperating the farmers, and rendering the regiment unpopular. Baynes, however, captured the ringleader in his own company street, after a chase of three or four miles. But the war was over, and he succeeded in obtaining his discharge on October 28, which stirred the jealousy of some men of the baser sort. They laid a trap for him.

Heavy logs were poised over the entrance of his tent, in such a manner that a touch would bring them down on his head as he entered. Fortunately his friends discovered what was going on, and were able to save him from almost certain death.

Baynes returned to Stamford, but only to lie in hospital for many a weary week, a victim of typhoid fever contracted in camp. He was but one of thousands of American soldiers stricken down with the disease — a disease which caused more deaths during the Spanish-American War than were occasioned by wounds, accidents, and all other diseases counted together.

About 1899 it became evident that Mr. John Baynes's efforts to organize a company would not be crowned with success, and Harold determined to devote himself wholly to nature study and make it his life work. It was a wise decision. His character and abilities, no doubt, would have proved assets had he turned his attention to 'making money,' but business was distasteful to him, and money, as every one knows who knew Harold Baynes, was the thing for which he cared least. Merely to have gained a fortune would not

have rendered him happy, for above all things he was an out-of-doors man, with trained eye, supple muscles, and a heart in accord with nature. He entered, therefore, upon his life work with energy and delight. No tree was too high for him to climb, no burrow too deep to dig to the bottom of. Many a young creature he brought home, the better to observe its habits and development, and the big notebook is crammed with minute details. The following passage is selected from it almost at random, to serve as an illustration of his observant carefulness: 'The young flying squirrels are growing apace, but their eyes are still closed. The first hair, which appeared a few days after birth, was that of their whiskers. The grey fur is now beginning to show on their backs. When I try to take one of them out of the coconut shell with my finger, the mother nips me very gently with her teeth, or tries to push my finger out with her nose. If I manage to get hold of one of the babies, she will seize it with her mouth, or pull it back with her paws. . . . (Later.) As yet they have no teeth, but their fur and whiskers are coming along nicely. The veins show plainly in the membranes which aid them in sailing

through the air. They have four toes on the front paws, and five on the hind paws. While I had the babies out, the mother was scampering round the room. When I put the little ones back in the cocoanut shell and held it out to her, she came at once and ran into it. . . . (April 15.) They are exactly four weeks old to-day and their eyes were open this morning for the first time. I got a fairly successful photograph of them.'

Without this basic knowledge derived through this delightful friendship with mother and babies in the nursery, Baynes could not later have written the following exquisitely sympathetic description: 'The most lovely of all the squirrels is the one which is least known. This is the flying squirrel, a most charming little creature which is seldom seen except by those who roam the woods at night. This is my favorite of all animals in the North American woods, and the one I know and love the best. On such good terms are we that he sometimes allows me to take him in my hands. He is a tiny creature, gray above and snow-white beneath. His eyes are large and soft and black, his whiskers are very long. The most curious things about him are two fur-covered

membranes — one on each side of the body — which extend from the fore to the hind legs. These membranes are formed by an extension of the skin of the back and the abdomen, and their purpose is to enable the squirrel to fly, or rather to sail, from one tree to another. The tail is flat and featherlike, and carries out the idea of a parachute that is suggested by the rest of the body.'

Other passages convey something of the charm and variety of life in the country for him who has learnt to see. The notebook contains many such pages as the following, which, simply as they are written, seem to bring the sunshine to one's path, the breeze to blow in one's face: 'Over in the cedar woods I hunted for crows' nests, but did not find any. I found a robin's nest in a small cedar tree. The bird was sitting, and flew off when I touched the tree. I saw a chipmunk run along a stone wall. Gathered blue cohosh in bloom, and Solomon's seal and false Solomon's seal in bud. Saw some sections quite blue with violets, and many plants of early saxifrage among the rocks. Saw a flock of cedar waxwings in a tree, and afterwards saw them fluttering

about among the cedars. Also saw a chipping sparrow. In a swamp behind Howe's place I saw a mouse such as I do not remember seeing before. He was large and dark-colored, and seemed very much at home in the marsh. He ran so quickly that I could hardly get a look at him, darting from one clump of grass to another and hiding in the base of each clump. He seemed perfectly familiar with the locality, and from the well-trodden appearance of several little runways I could see that he had been over them often. A flock of white ducks in the swamp seemed to be enjoying themselves. The marshy land is drained by a brook, and as I approached it I saw a muskrat plunge from the bank into the water. He went clear to the bottom and swam rapidly along, stirring up the mud apparently to cover his retreat. I kept track of him, however, and soon had the pleasure of seeing him shoot through the clear water like a big fish, looking gray, with several inches of water above him. He swam with great ease, and sometimes doubled to try to avoid me. At last he swam under a stone wall which crossed the brook, and I lost sight of him.'



A HORNETS' NEST

Baynes's friends and neighbors soon recognized that they had a true naturalist in their midst. He was invited to organize nature classes. One of these was for Miss Devan's school. Another class contained many elderly men and women, and became very popular. Whatever their ages, however, the pupils were one and all filled with enthusiasm, and very happy to follow their instructor, to learn of the wonders of field and wood and swamp. When Baynes received an invitation from the Stamford Civic Club to give a talk on Natural History, it seemed as if the community had set a formal seal of approval on their young townsman. The lecture was delivered on April 20, 1900, and Baynes duly records the event: 'This afternoon I gave my first lecture. It was given at the Burlington Music Hall for the benefit of the public school children. It was illustrated by lantern slides made from my own negatives of birds, birds' nests and eggs, squirrels, etc. I had a fairly large audience, mostly of children, with a sprinkling of grown-up people. I was not a bit nervous after I once got started, and held the audience from start to finish. I received all the applause that was good for me and a

unanimous vote of thanks.' His father and mother were present.

Baynes's articles and letters had frequently appeared in New England journals, and occasionally 'Forest and Stream,' or some similar publication, had accepted contributions. When he became a professed naturalist, he made an effort to enlarge his market by making a round of visits to the magazine offices. In June, 1900, he succeeded in securing orders for eight or nine articles. 'Nighthawks,' published in October, 1900, in the 'Hartford Daily Times,' evoked a severe criticism, which Baynes disposed of in an amusingly downright manner. Had his name been as well known then as it became later, the critic might have hesitated before entering the lists. But if the gentleman imagined that Baynes was an amateur parading his lack of knowledge in print, he must have been disagreeably surprised when the tables were turned. Baynes referred to the writings of Dr. Frank M. Chapman to corroborate certain statements, and then, incidentally pointing out the error of supposing that the entire continent of South America lay south of the Equator, continues:

‘The gentleman next proceeds to attack a statement I made concerning young nighthawks. Referring to my article he says, “But the most absurd and misleading statement is that the young birds can run almost as soon as they are hatched. He [Baynes] has found a nest of sandpeeps and thought they were nighthawks. The latter do not get their living nor take their exercise on foot, and the young remain in the nest as long as young robins, and are equally helpless until they are feathered so that they can fly.”

‘Now is it not my critic who has been studying some bird other than the nighthawk?’ cries Baynes triumphantly. ‘As nighthawks do not make a nest, it must be rather difficult for the young to remain in it as long as young robins. But let that pass as a slip of the gentleman’s pen. We will also pass over the statement that I mistook sandpeeps for nighthawks, which is about as likely as that I should mistake a rattlesnake for a Canada goose.

‘I will simply state that I have seen a young nighthawk run the day it was hatched, while the second egg was only chipped, and I made this observation, not once, but three separate times

last spring. The first time was on June 2, at Stamford, Connecticut, and on referring to my notebook I find the following entry opposite that date: "We then visited the nighthawks, and found one young bird and one unhatched egg. The young one had its eyes open, and to my astonishment trotted right off the stone (the nest was a flat rock in an orchard) into the grass. It was covered with down, and looked very much like its surroundings."

'The only statement made by the gentleman with which I can agree is the last, intended as advice to students: "Under present conditions the best use they can make of what they find in print is to take each statement as a subject to be investigated and decided by their own observations." With this sentence I thoroughly agree; it applies to the statements of critics in general, and to his own in particular.'

Many times Baynes's powers of accurate observation enabled him to decide some moot point, such, for example, as the squabble which developed in the columns of a newspaper between two would-be naturalists, one of whom affirmed that robins ran, but did not hop, whilst the other

contended with great heat that they hopped, but did not run. Baynes closed the controversy with the information that robins both hopped and ran. Such little affairs added spice to life.

In Baynes's studies the camera was brought into constant use, to illustrate or supplement his own observations. 'Many things are necessary,' he once remarked, 'to make a perfect outfit for the photographer of our timid forest and field friends. There must be, first of all, a camera which can be adjusted to take a picture in from one-hundredth to one-thousandth part of a second. Then comes a love of the animal to be posed, and a knowledge of his mode of living. An alertness, a proper amount of caution, a willingness to wait hours for a model, a determination that will rise above innumerable failures, and surmount all obstacles — these are some of the requisites in the make-up of a successful photographer of wild life. Given all these, he must, in addition, be willing to risk life and limb in pursuit of his model.' Of the animals more or less within the domestic circle, mice proved to be one of the most difficult subjects. Frogs, on the contrary, are easily photographed on account

of their strongly marked aturefes, provided they are timed between jumps.

The notebook closes for the year 1900 with the following entries:

‘December 30 — To-night one of the six white-footed mice had three young ones. Our attention was called to the fact by the fine, needle-like squeaks of the babies, and when I tried to get a look at them, the mother poked her head out and bit me. But I just got a glimpse of them, hairless, blind things, which looked a good deal like pink caterpillars. The mother seemed very anxious about them, pushing them under her and pulling the nesting material over them.

‘December 31 — As the mother mouse and her young ones seemed to be a good deal bothered by the other mice in the cage, I removed the family, nest and all, into a basket, which I kept in my room. To-night, as she seemed to be trying to take exercise even in those confined quarters, I have closed my room door, taken the lid off the basket, and given her the run of the room for the night.’

Thus the young naturalist spent his New Year’s Eve.

CHAPTER III

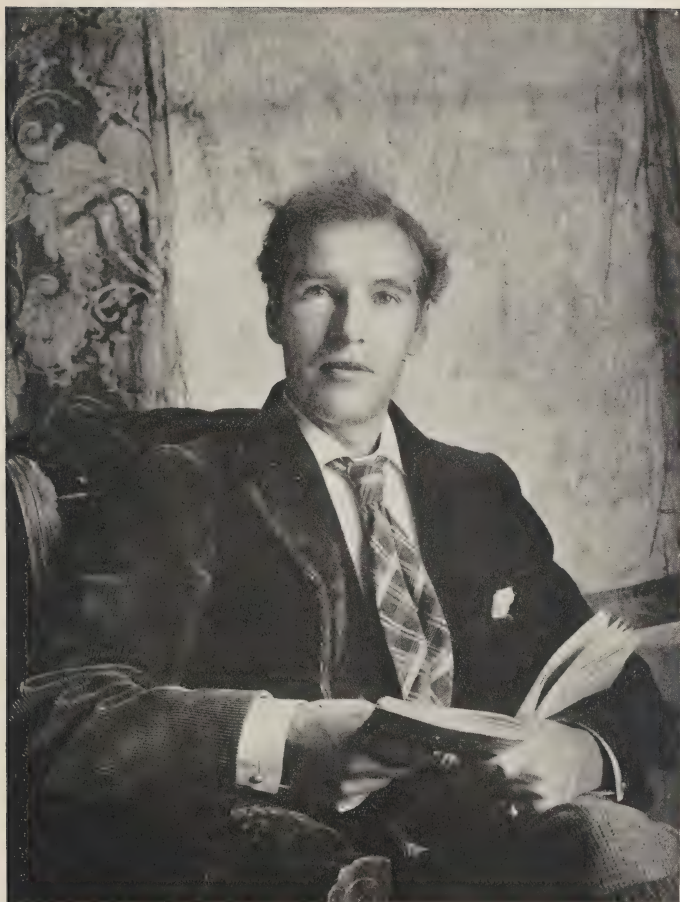
LEAVING THE HIGHWAY

To be a naturalist was so unconventional for a youth with his way to make in the world, and the emoluments were so meager, that there came a time of discouragement when that fallible guide, Common Sense, prevailed, and sent Baynes off to Boston to earn his living. On October 1, 1900, he began work as a reporter on the staff of the 'Boston Post.'

But Destiny cannot be evaded! A few weeks of distasteful occupation and Baynes was back at his beloved studies with renewed ardor. The problem of making an independent living, however, remained to be solved. Man cannot live by bread alone, but it is equally difficult to live without it. Hitherto his pen had brought but scant pickings. It now occurred to him to write a nature story. It took the form of a plea against the steel trap, and differed from later work as it contains animal dialogue. 'Birt' illustrated it, and to their great delight it was accepted by the 'New York Herald.' Twenty-five dollars was

received — a sum which loomed larger in their eyes than did ever the more substantial payments of later years. Accompanying the check was a request for another story. Baynes wrote it with a will, and another, and another, and his doubts dissipated as he found that his work had a ready market. He felt that Prosperity had turned her face in his direction, and that the time had come to bring an engagement of seven long years to an end. His marriage took place on April 24, 1901, one week before his thirty-third birthday.

Baynes and his bride made their home at Beaver Lodge, Stoneham, Massachusetts, on the edge of the Middlesex Fells. Rarely had two persons been more happily mated. Their tastes were similar, and Mrs. Baynes entered into all her husband's pursuits, and helped in the care of many a strange guest. Both host and hostess often became deeply attached to some wild thing, though no animal ever entered their home merely as a pet. Each creature was allowed to carry on its life in a manner as nearly as possible akin to its natural habit, so that no instinct became warped; and it was not retained for a moment beyond the time required for observa-



ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES
At Thirty-Three

tion of its habits. Of 'training' he had a horror, and the cruelty at the basis of animal performances made him sick at heart. In the winter following his marriage, he had visited an exhibition of performing animals which was amusing Boston. He had hoped to enjoy their grace; he felt only their degradation. He characterized it as a pitiful display of life prisoners, compelled to perform through fear. He never sold an animal.

There is an interesting description of Beaver Lodge from the pen of a lady who came to see the 'parlor jungle.' Mrs. Jessie Knight Hartt, writing in the 'Boston Evening Transcript,' records that 'at Stoneham station you are met by the naturalist himself — but not by the shy-eyed hermit, indifferent to clothes, whom you may have expected. Instead you see an alert, athletic young fellow, with shaven face, neat gray suit, a broad-brimmed soft felt hat of military flavor, and a smiling marguerite in his button-hole.' There was nothing, she found, in the little yellow house on top of a high bank by the roadside to arrest the eye, but the ear was at once attracted by a series of raucous squawks proceeding from an upper window. On the porch stood an observa-

tion cage, lined in black, with a glass front. The first room was filled with photographic apparatus. The walls of the large parlor were covered with photographs of wild life by Mr. and Mrs. Baynes. Then the animals were exhibited. First came a large tub, containing an abundance of fresh water, jagged rocks, and several varieties of turtles, including a baby snapping-turtle. A twenty-eight-pound snapping-turtle came next, his tail firmly held by Mr. Baynes; then snakes of many species. (On one occasion a black snake escaped, and spread consternation by intruding upon a funeral party.) Next came a crow, which retreated hurriedly to a corner as the squawks which had at first attracted attention became louder, and three young red-shouldered hawks, the cause of all the racket, were borne in. They were fed and removed, still vehemently clamoring. As a contrast an observation case of mice was next displayed; then a chipmunk, flying squirrels, and a Virginia opossum.

Beginning in February, 1902, Baynes delivered a series of addresses in Boston and Stoneham, on the subject of the Middlesex Fells, a beautiful tract of public land close to his home, which pro-

vided a mine of inspiration and delight. These talks on the countryside and its wild inhabitants, sparkling with interesting observations and anecdotes, became popular, drew large audiences, and were reported at considerable length in the 'Boston Transcript.' But the numbers reached by his writings were still greater. At first his articles appeared singly in 'Scribner's,' 'Country Life in America,' 'Outing,' 'Forest and Stream,' 'Photo Era,' 'Munsey's,' 'St. Nicholas,' the 'New York Times,' the 'New York Herald,' and in other representative magazines and newspapers. Then he organized a syndicate and supplied an article each week to between twenty and thirty newspapers in different parts of the country — an arrangement which continued for seven years. These articles, amounting in all to nearly four hundred, enabled thousands of men and women to accompany him through field and wood, to climb trees with him, and, still in imagination, to see through his trained, observant eyes. What was most important, people were being roused to a sense of the beauty of the world out of doors, and to healthy sympathy with the wild creatures. For there was never anything mawkish or senti-

mental in what Baynes wrote, and his readers knew that they could rely implicitly on his statements. Baynes's style, too, was such as to give pleasure and inspire confidence. It was simple and direct, much like his spoken word. His writing proceeded from a clear and disciplined mind. Whatever the subject, he made it interesting; and he had the rare gift of appealing to persons of all ages. The scope of his subjects was wide, for, as he often said, volumes cannot contain all the interesting things that happen in the course of one year of a naturalist's life. In addition to articles on the Middlesex Fells, and to those on insects, flowers, trees, country walks, kindness to animals, there were such varying themes as 'The Opossum and his Ways,' 'The Skunk,' 'Bird-Nesting with a Camera,' 'The American Osprey as a Guest,' 'The Ruby-Throated Humming-Bird and its Habits,' 'Habits of the House Sparrow,' 'Migratory Birds,' 'Voyagers of the Air.' For four years Baynes conducted the Nature Study Club department of the 'Woman's Home Companion.'

Baynes's observation of rodents and reptiles had been close and continuous, and the big note-

book during the first years at Stoneham literally swarms with these creatures. But if the brilliant tints of the earlier pages are lacking, the blue of the heron flapping across the sunlit pond, the gold of the oriole, the tanager's scarlet, it is because the more somber creatures form the basis of a careful plan of study. For some years interest in natural history had been spreading, and certain writers, by pandering to this interest, as well as to the universal love of the marvelous, had poured forth a series of so-called nature books. Both the writing and the illustrations were attractive, but the animal characters, in addition to being actuated by human motives in the economy of their homes, were represented as consciously instructing their offspring in the manners and customs of their race. Baynes's observations had led him to believe that this theory of parental education was absurd and untrue, and in 'Instinct and Instruction,' one of the syndicated articles appearing in January, 1903, he sets forth his reasons.

Beginning with insects and reptiles, many of whom after depositing their eggs give their progeny no further care, Baynes cites the case of

snapping-turtles, which snap while still in the shell, and of certain embryo painted turtles which he removed from the eggs weeks before the date of hatching, and which he found could not only swim, but when laid on their backs thrust out their heads and attempted to turn over by the selfsame methods adopted by adult turtles. A large water snake he had caught gave birth to nineteen young, and then paid not the slightest attention to her family; yet he found the young snakes could coil and spring open-mouthed at his hand as soon as they were born, and when dropped into a pail of water a few minutes later swam with ease. He cites the case of certain birds, which do not incubate their eggs, but leave them to be hatched by the warmth of decaying vegetation: the young, however, without ever having seen their parents, swim, dive, and exhibit the family characteristics. He doubted whether a naturalist could distinguish ducks and hens hatched in an incubator, from those hatched in the ordinary manner, by reason of the superior education of the latter. From experience he had found that birds whose habit it is to swim, dive, or bathe, will do these things if taken from their

parents before being fully prepared to leave the nest. Young pheasants he had set on the ground for the first time instinctively crouched, as is the manner of their kind, beside stones or tussocks of grass, although they had never before seen stones or grass; and young hawks he had taken from the nest and carried hundreds of miles from their parents, showed that they understood the principles of hunting and fishing the first day they were on the wing.

‘I have made similar observations on young mammals,’ he writes in conclusion, ‘assuming in their case that certain knowledge could not be imparted to them by their parents before their eyes were open and while they were still being suckled by their mother. House mice, meadow mice, deer mice, Norway rats, and squirrels of all kinds, taken from the nest while blind, have all the knowledge necessary to make a good start in life the moment their eyes are open. Those that eat nuts cut them in exactly the same way as their parents did, although they may never have set eyes on those parents or on any other adult of their species. I have seen young meadow mice, taken from their nest while they

were still blind, make a large and comfortable nest for themselves six days after their eyes were open. House mice and meadow mice understand the making of burrows and the removal of stones and roots, without having any points given them, and house mice, white-footed mice, rats, and squirrels, can climb and jump with never a lesson from any one. All these animals know how to wash and clean themselves days before they can see, although when first taken from the nest they may have been too weak to do so.

‘Last spring I had a family of young raccoons, which were taken from the nest when they were very young. They were brought up on a baby’s bottle, and until they had been fed on solid food for some time they never saw water. One evening I filled a tin pail and set it before them, to see what they would do. The nearest one never hesitated a moment, but walking up thrust his arm in up to the shoulders, and then turning round picked up a cracker and commenced to wash it after the manner of raccoons that have been reared by their parents in the woods.’

On the literary horizon Baynes’s article was a cloud no bigger than a man’s hand; but the storm

it presaged soon burst, and certain writers caught a bad drenching. Three months later John Burroughs's article, 'Sham Natural History,' appeared in the 'Atlantic Monthly.' Whatever Baynes's feelings may have been, as a young naturalist he had modestly abstained from personal attack. Mr. Burroughs, however, opened his batteries with gusto. Naming four of the leading 'animal fictionists,' he singles out the Reverend William J. Long as the worst offender. He could not believe, for instance, that Mr. Long had seen a great blue heron break up a frog, deliberately scatter the fragments on the water, and then calmly wait for the fish that would be attracted by this bait; or that he had observed kingfishers transport minnows to a shallow pool for the purpose of giving fishing lessons to their young. The red squirrel with the pouches in its cheeks denied to others of the species likewise draws his ridicule, and he makes merry over the fox which succeeded in capturing chickens roosting in a tree by the expedient of running round and round, always faster, jumping and clacking its teeth, until the chickens in trying to follow its movements with their eyes became dizzy and

tumbled off the roost. He particularly scores Mr. Long's credence in the tales of hunters and fishermen, and, in short, sums him up as a 'Natural History Münchhausen.'

'When a man,' he bursts forth, 'writing or speaking of his own experiences, says without qualification that he has seen a thing, we are expected to take him at his word. Mr. Long says that his sketches were made in the woods, with the subjects themselves living just outside his tent door. We are not, therefore, to regard him as playing with natural history material for the amusement of his reader, or as seeking to make up an artistic whole out of bits and fragments of the lives of the animals, gathered here and there, and heightened and intensified by a fertile fancy, but as an actual recorder of what he has seen and known. What the "life secrets" are that Mr. Long claims to have discovered, any competent reader can see: they are all the inventions of Mr. Long.'

This outspoken article precipitated a discussion in the newspapers, which as it proceeded became heated and acrimonious. The friends of Mr. Long were quick to rally to his defense; they but

added to his discomfiture. 'Honest, absolutely honest,' cried one, 'yet not quite telling the truth!' — whilst another explained, with far-fetched casuistry, that Mr. Long's books were 'simply nature books, which are intended to interest their readers in nature, and not necessarily to be guides to the study of nature, or summaries of accumulated knowledge concerning the animals treated.'

The controversy had raged back and forth for more than a year, when Baynes, entering the lists for the first time, summed up in a witty article bearing the title 'Woodland Wrangling,' in which he makes short work of the arguments favoring the romantic school of natural history. Mr. Long's contention that the records he had made of behavior in animals that did not conform to the known conduct of such animals, should be attributed to the individuality of the particular animals in question, Baynes demolishes in the following amusing sally: 'I should be one of the last men in the world to deny the individuality of animals, but I do deny that it is unlimited. It is as unreasonable to suppose that individual orioles or woodcock could soar mentally so far above the

rest of their kind, as to be able to perform the feats attributed to them by Dr. Long, as to suppose an individual Australian bushman capable of designing the Parthenon, or of inventing wireless telegraphy. . . . The single statement that "...no animal story told me as a fact by an honest man will leave me incredulous," is in my opinion enough to throw out as unacceptable practically all the so-called evidence which Dr. Long has collected from hunters, trappers, guides, and others. Personally, I have come across too many honest idiots to believe everything they tell me. The testimony of an honest man is not reliable unless he is an accurate man as well. He may not intend to deceive, but if he is inaccurate his testimony is harder to sift than that of the habitual liar.'

One of Dr. Long's apologists had contended that 'from a scientific point of view these men are in the same literary boat. The main difference is this: Mr. Burroughs makes one want to get out into the yard, orchard, woodlot, or field, while Dr. Long makes one want to get out into the big woods — the primeval forests.'

'Yes,' caustically comments Baynes, in con-

clusion, 'and there is another difference. Mr. Burroughs could take a man out into the yard, woodlot, orchard, or field, and show him animals much like those described in his books; but I am afraid that if Dr. Long took a boy into the primeval forest, both the boy and his guide would be bald-headed before they had made the acquaintance of any considerable number of animals which had graduated with honors from "The School of the Woods." From authors who represent their books as truthful books, we have a right to demand truth, and even proof of truth, where questions of great importance are involved. And we must demand this truth impartially from every writer who undertakes to instruct us; as much from Dr. William Joseph Long, who writes of animals which have never existed for any one but himself, as from Mr. John Burroughs, who sits on the bank of the Hudson River and dispenses the wisdom of the Atlantic Ocean.'

After printing this paper the 'Boston Evening Transcript' closed its columns to further discussion. There was nothing more to be said. The article has an interest apart from its subject, for it reveals a strong side of Baynes's character in

the uncompromising attitude he takes in defense of truth. A pleasant outcome of the affair was the receipt of a letter from John Burroughs, whom Baynes had not as yet met. 'I take the liberty of thanking you,' wrote the Sage, 'for your defense of my stand against the sham natural history of Mr. Long. . . . I have seen your natural history articles in the papers, and have read them with interest. I always say to myself, "That man knows the truth about the animals, and knows how to tell it." I have quoted one of your stories, about the mouse and the hickory nut, in an article of mine to be in "Harper's Magazine" in August, or later.'

Later the two men became acquainted, and Mr. Burroughs is quoted as having stated that he considered Baynes the most wonderful man he had ever known, a remark probably drawn forth by an incident which occurred at Riverby or Slab-sides during a visit paid him by Baynes. The host was questioning his guest regarding his experience with skunks.

'Why, Mr. Burroughs,' replied Baynes, 'I believe I could pick up any skunk without unpleasant consequences.'



HANDING A BABY SKUNK BACK TO ITS MOTHER

‘How remarkable!’ retorted the old naturalist, with a glint in his eye. ‘We caught a skunk last night and he is out in the yard. Let us go and try.’

‘And of course I had to go,’ related Baynes afterwards. ‘But I made good, and Mr. Burroughs observed my every movement with intense interest. The next time I visited him the proudest thing he had to show me was a photograph of himself with a wild skunk in his arms.’

The implicit confidence of wild creatures in Baynes was very touching. The story of the mother skunk who allowed him to borrow a couple of her babies is well known. A letter to the ‘Stoneham Enterprise’ in December, 1903, serves further to illustrate his thoughtful care for the safety of the creatures which trusted him: ‘I have under observation here a broad-winged hawk, which has become so tame that he flies home from the woods several times a day to be fed, and alights upon my hands and shoulders to receive his rations. I am particularly anxious, both for his sake and my own, that he shall not be shot, and as I feel that none of our local sportsmen would kill him if they knew the facts, I request

CHAPTER IV

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

DURING the course of three years' residence at Stoneham, Baynes added materially to his practical knowledge of the birds and the smaller beasts of New England. So close had he got to nature, that, as some one wrote at the time, the creatures seemed almost to accept him as one of themselves. And he had repaid their confidence by employing voice and pen on their behalf. But there remained other things to be learned, and it now became his ambition to study the greater beasts, an ambition which could not be gratified in the pleasant countryside around Stoneham. Indeed, there seemed to be but one place that would meet his requirements.

The Blue Mountain Forest Reservation, in Sullivan County, New Hampshire, had been established about the year 1890 by Mr. Austin Corbin. It comprises an area of about twenty-four thousand acres of thoroughly diversified, hilly country, in the center of which rises Croydon Peak, the 'Coniston Peak' of Winston Churchill's



FEEDING A FAWN

novel, 'Coniston.' The reservation is surrounded by a fence, eight and a half feet high and thirty-six miles long, and contains herds of deer, elk, and wild boar, as well as beavers, porcupines, quail, partridges, and pheasants. The most notable, and in some respects the most interesting animals, however, were the buffaloes, which at that time formed one of the largest pure-bred herds in the world. The whole domain was guarded by keepers, but beyond necessary conservation and a limited amount of hunting, strictly regulated, it was practically in a state of nature. It was, in short, a naturalist's paradise, and exactly suited to further Baynes's projected plan of study.

On learning of Baynes's wish to settle near the reservation, Mr. Corbin expressed his pleasure by presenting him with a pass-key, and giving him leave to hunt in and out of season. Later, Baynes availed himself of both privileges to the full, his weapon when he went a-hunting being a camera. But Mr. Corbin went even further, for he offered to repair and furnish any unoccupied house that might seem most suitable. The house Baynes chose was at Sunset Ridge, near the northwestern gate of the park. It was of a fair size, about a

hundred years old, and situated on a knoll commanding a fine view to south and west. Though solidly built, with frame of great hewn beams, it was out of repair and needed alterations and additions. As it could not be made ready until the fall, Mrs. Corbin offered, as a temporary abode, Haven Cottage, Newport, New Hampshire, a charming place which had once been her own home. Thither the Bayneses moved in June, 1904, and there they remained until the fall, when once more they moved, this time temporarily, to a farmhouse occupied by one of the keepers, where they boarded. It was not until the late autumn that the house at Sunset Ridge was ready for occupancy.

It was with genuine sorrow on both sides that Baynes bade farewell to his Stoneham friends. The 'Stoneham Enterprise' expressed the feelings of the town in a generous editorial on the day of his departure: 'He will be greatly missed, for he has won the love and respect of all who know him by his keen interest in nature study. He has also done much in this community, not only by his instructive addresses from the platform and his articles in the magazines, but by his natural kind-

ness in imparting authoritative information directly to students and interested parties who have called upon him.' Baynes was thirty-six, and he is described as 'stout enough to suggest strength; spare enough to prove the endurance of the wiry athlete; built for speed, and carrying himself with the perfect poise of a happy physical training; face showing the pleasant lines impressed by sun and wind as he carries his studies afield; a thatch of brown, graying hair; his face and body the reflex of a mind that is active, discerning, well-trained.'

And indeed it required all the qualities that visiting writers saw in Baynes, as well as the tranquil efficiency of his wife, to effect the three moves that separated their old home from the new. In addition to the lares and penates, there were foxes, wolves, skunks, and flying squirrels. Each species was temperamentally unfitted to get along during a railway journey with any other species, and required special food and separate traveling quarters. One very troublesome individual accompanied them whose absence would have proved a relief, but Baynes knew that, owing to its tameness, it would have fallen an easy

prey had it been liberated in a populous countryside. This was Isaac of the saturnine face, a turkey buzzard whose adventures form the subject of an amusing sketch. This bird of the Southern States had served a purpose by remaining in perfect health when exposed to an Arctic winter, thus helping to demonstrate Baynes's theory that a bird's health is dependent, not on climate, but on a sufficiency of food. At the outset of the journey, the buzzard bit the expressman; on being given his liberty in New Hampshire, he remained around farms, purloined eggs, and made himself generally unpopular.

Other members of the Stoneham household might have proved equally embarrassing. The snapping-turtle, however, was turned into the wilderness, to snap as its nature required, and the opossum and her twelve children were also released. The bald eagle, a great creature measuring seven feet one-and-a-half inches from tip to tip of its outstretched wings, had been liberated from the observatory on the summit of Bear Hill, by members of the Appalachian Mountain Club, during the previous winter. It had pecked ferociously when the trappings were

released; then soared away to freedom. A notice was inserted in the papers asking hunters to spare it. Nor were the fish hawks, whose beauty and whose tameness had afforded so much pleasure, among the travelers, for they had flown off, never to return, just after the departure of Mr. Baynes on a visit to New York in September, 1902. These birds form the subject of many beautiful photographs. In one remarkable picture a hawk is caught in the very act of poisoning on the limb of an apple tree, holding in his talons a fish just brought up from the pond.

It was a charming home that at length awaited the Baynes party. Mr. Corbin had had the entire house made over, and Mrs. Corbin had made many a trip across the mountain to supervise the work in her solicitude for the comfort of her friends. Painted white, and standing on its knoll, it was a conspicuous object. From the village of Meriden the distance was about two miles of an up-hill grade. The grounds ran up to the fence of the reservation to the east, and merged into wide country on the other points of the compass. The nearest neighbor's house was a half-mile

away. For part of the year the situation was ideal, but there came a time when the strain of the long cold winters proved too heavy for Mrs. Baynes. In the meantime, however, there were to be eleven full, busy years at Sunset Ridge, years into which much happiness was brought by the frequent visits of Mr. and Mrs. Corbin, the Edgells, and many other friends.

The animals fitted readily into their new and spacious outdoor quarters. The Baynes establishment had always been unusual; with the rapid growth of foxes, timber wolves, coyotes, and deer, it became formidable; and the climax may be said to have been reached when Jimmie joined up. The little bear ate more, slept more, made more noise, and did more mischief, than all his companions. He was one who 'wanted but little here below; in fact he wanted nothing but his own way — and he usually had it because it made life easier for the rest of us.' He had a staunch champion in Lucy, the housekeeper and cook, a faithful soul who had served Mr. Baynes's parents, and who came to the rescue when one maid after another had fled from the household of which Jimmie was a member.

One day Jimmie was found on the dresser in the midst of wreckage.

‘Well,’ grimly remarked Baynes, ‘I suppose you’ll admit he did that, Lucy.’

But Lucy was not to be nonplussed so easily. Looking her employer straight in the eye, she replied,

‘Well, Master Harold, I don’t think you should be so hard on him. Please remember you were a boy yourself once!’

Perhaps the sobering influence of Lucy’s reminder may be detected in the kindly tolerance with which, later, he wrote: ‘We knew from the beginning that he was a bear, and that bears in private houses, like

“Single men in barracks,
Don’t turn into plaster saints.”

So, no matter what he did, we contented ourselves by remarking that “bears will be bears,” and by regarding his deeds and misdeeds as interesting material to study and write about. If he broke a window and came into the house, and destroyed our goods and chattels in his search for jam and sugar, why, we wrote a story about it and got our money back.’

Jimmie's fame spread far and wide, and in the summer time, especially on Sundays, hundreds of people who neither knew Baynes nor troubled to inquire for him, arrived to call upon the baby bear.

Droll as were the youngster's antics, the constant breakages, and the waste of food, sometimes proved disconcerting even in that tolerant household. It is certain that had Jimmie paid Walt Whitman a visit, the poet might have withdrawn his remark, 'I think I could turn and live with animals; they are so placid and self-contained.' Could George Eliot have seen the baby bear in her pantry, wallowing in molasses and broken crockery, she might have added modifying clauses to her dictum that 'animals are such agreeable friends — they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.' But then it is true many charming fancies might have been withheld from the world, had writers possessed a deeper knowledge of natural history. With imperturbable good humor, however, Baynes continued to make the young bear's antics the subject for pen and platform, finally, in 1923, embodying the record in one of the most amusing of books, 'Jimmie,

the Story of a Black Bear Cub.' It is dedicated to the members of the Tavern Club, Boston, of which Baynes was a member:

To
My Fellow Bears of
THE TAVERN CLUB
To whose store of honey
I am always made welcome
At their hospitable den in Boston
This book is dedicated with
A friendly hug for every one
From Jimmie and Me

The picture of a bear, which may be intended to represent either the well-known totem of the club or the redoubtable Jimmie himself, adorns the menu of a dinner given by the club in honor of Baynes on March 8, 1907.

Bingo, a dog of nondescript breed belonging to a neighbor, was Jimmie's favorite playfellow. For companions of the actual household, Jimmie had Actæon, the fawn, and Romulus, the young coyote, and the three romped together like children. The fraternizing of the deer and the wolf happened in this wise. At first the fawn was afraid, and was accustomed to dash away at sight

of the wolf, who pursued with every intention of doing an injury. Then one day, unexpectedly, the deer stood his ground, and the wolf nipped him slyly several times. Suddenly the deer turned, chased the young wolf, knocked him down, and hammered him unmercifully with his forefeet. Only Baynes's timely intervention saved the coyote from death. From that time the two became friends. Actæon was high-strung, and contributed his share to the excitements of the household. One day, alarmed at some noise, he jumped through the window, and landed beside the breakfast table in a shower of glass.

As Death and Dauntless, the young timber wolves, grew larger, they loved to roam the country with Baynes, and they were the best of friends with Romulus, the coyote. Dauntless was a magnificent specimen, and graced the platform at many a lecture. On one occasion he occupied a space at a dog show in Boston, having been entered as a 'Buffalo Hound.' He was the pride of the committee of the 'Small Potatoes' Kennel Club, until a member of a rival association pointed out the 'hound's' resemblance to a wolf. Then the committee lost their temper, and

the storm broke. First, they ordered a kennel man to remove the obnoxious brute, but as he approached the cage he suddenly recalled that he had a wife and small children, and that his life insurance was in arrears. Next, a member of the Boston police force was ordered to shoot the wolf, but he pleaded that it had been labeled a dog, and he might get the city into trouble if he were to commit an illegal act. At 10 P.M., Baynes arrived to exercise Dauntless, and found a committee which had worked itself into a fury. The aid of the police force was once more invoked to remove the 'savage wild animal' from the building. The stalwart protector of the people did not display enthusiasm, and Baynes, realizing that the officials were on the verge of emotional insanity, led the wolf away. There was a further amusing scene at the police station, and finally Baynes was enjoined to muzzle his strange pet so long as it remained in Boston. The morning newspapers devoted much space to descriptions of the affair, and every one in Boston was amused, with the exception of the committeemen, who were almost overwhelmed with ridicule.

Still another member of the Sunset Ridge

household was a young boar. When captured it weighed a pound and a half, and looked much like a watermelon on legs. It would walk with Baynes, following closely at his heels. Occasionally, during its youthful days, it appeared on the lecture platform. When it was full grown, it weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds, and possessed a fine head, with well-developed tusks. But its disposition was ugly, and during one of Baynes's absences on a lecture tour, it was found necessary to remove the great creature to an enclosure in the park. But even here the boar proved troublesome and dangerous, and on returning Baynes was notified by Mr. Corbin that unless he wished to have it back at Sunset Ridge, the creature would be given to a member of the club who desired a fine head for mounting. This was the sensible thing to do, but first Baynes wished to get some photographs. The animal was placed in a crate and driven into the forest. Then the men who had brought him climbed into trees, while Baynes mounted the crate and slowly drew up the sliding door. As he did so, he spoke to the animal, who seemed to recognize his master's voice, and when liberated soon found some food brought by Baynes.



A PET WILD BOAR

The previous day, Baynes had looked over the top of the pen, and the boar had hurled himself forward, snarling and gnashing his teeth. Consequently, Baynes was on his guard, especially when the camera, of which the boar had suspicions, was brought into operation.

After eating the food, the boar soon became as friendly as ever, allowing Baynes to stroke him and rub his back with a stick. Then Baynes started to walk into the forest, the boar following as he had been used to do. During the day the boar accepted food from Baynes's hand, and, finally, towards evening, fell asleep like a tired child, his head on Baynes's lap.

Perhaps of all Baynes's animal friends the one he loved best was The Sprite, the little red fox, whose biography forms one of the most beautiful animal stories that have ever been written. The book is full of action and humor, and yet there is something pathetic, something ethereal about that little fox, something that tugs at the very heart strings. 'I wish it were possible,' writes Baynes in his preface, 'to tell you what I feel about foxes — the sensations which come when I see one in the open. I hold my breath, my clothes

feel too small for me; I can hardly speak. It is much the same feeling that I should have were I suddenly to come upon a fairy. There is such beauty in his form and coloring — such grace and poetry in his motion — such mystery in his coming and his going. I have never known any one to describe successfully the movement of a fox. Perhaps it is one of those delicate things which words will not describe. At times it might be simulated by a ball of tawny fur blown swiftly along, close to but not quite touching the ground; at others by a puff of reddish smoke, at one moment seen distinctly, then melting softly into the landscape. It is subtle as the passing of the shadow of a cloud across a field of waving grain. And think of such beauty coming into one's life in the person of a fox that loves you. . . . It is with mingled feelings that I undertake to tell the story. There is joy at the thought of trying to write it, and regret in the realization that I cannot do it justice. At the very outset I am aware that I cannot convey to my readers the peculiar joy which The Sprite brought to us. But if I can make them love him, and other foxes for his sake; if the love I create is strong enough to

save even a few foxes from bitter struggles and death in the steel traps — from the indignity of adorning the thoughtless, I shall have done as much perhaps as I can hope for.'

The relationship which existed between Baynes and the animals might well be called friendship. There were the elements of good comradeship. He approached an animal he would have for a friend much as he might have approached a human being — with understanding, with respect for the rights of the other, and holding his own personality in reserve whilst ready to accept all points of difference. He was a loyal friend. 'I shall never forget the first time a chickadee alighted upon me, and I felt his wiry little hands close around my finger. . . . I was the champion of the chickadees from that moment, and to-day I can think of no surer way for a man to effect an instant quarrel with me than by injuring a bird of that species. A love for one bird tends to beget a love for other birds.'

Baynes possessed certain qualities that animals, even the most suspicious of them, seemed to recognize. 'He has ways with him,' remarked one of the guides at the Blue Mountain Forest

Reservation, 'that only the animals understand. I don't understand him very well, but they do. They won't hurt him when they would kill me, and I am always good to them, too.' A man who could charm a wild weasel out of a woodpile, as Baynes did, and get it to climb on his knee and eat from his hands, certainly had 'ways with him.'

What may be termed Baynes's 'animal policy' was guided by wisdom and common sense. He never allowed his imagination to endow with human qualities even the closest of his animal friends. In his stories humor plays delightfully around the contrasting ways of men and beasts, but imagination does not descend to endeavoring to analyze what the creatures 'think.' He fully recognized the law of the wild. When, for instance, two of his four young timber wolves proved to be timid and weak, and unable to hold their own with their stronger brothers, he had them humanely disposed of. Much as he admired foxes, he saw that in restricted areas, such as Corbin Park and the Middlesex Fells, it was necessary to keep their numbers down by shooting, in order that other forms of life should not

be exterminated. Although he would not himself wear furs, he believed that the wearing of furs was, in certain circumstances, a necessity, and he confined himself to opposing, by voice and pen, the use of the cruel steel trap. Against other useless cruelties, such as the wearing of wild bird plumage, he spoke vigorously and uncompromisingly. But he never lost sight of the fact that, in the last analysis, animal life is inferior, and must ever be held as subordinate to human necessities; and he abhorred what has come to be known as 'animal psychosis.' Perhaps his very recognition of this inferiority, of the pathos of their lives, of their utter defenselessness, rendered his love for animals the greater, and caused his voice to ring the clearer in their defense.

Baynes wrote a charming little article in 1905, 'No Place Like Home,' in which he describes his return to Sunset Ridge after a visit to Boston. As he walks along the western boundary of Corbin Park, he sees two deer on the edge of a wood. He thinks at once of Actæon, who some months previously had joined his kindred in the forest, and makes a certain long, loud call. Both deer start and turn their heads toward him. He calls

again, and one of the deer snorts and bounds for cover. The other, however, switches his tail once or twice, and moves forward, first at a trot, then at a bounding gallop. He stops; then on again, and as he reaches the fence, he pushes forward his head and bleats, possibly by way of recognition. He has changed in the course of the weeks. He is shedding his winter coat, and the long hair has fallen from his face, which looks in consequence more dainty and refined. But it is Actæon, nevertheless, and when his head has been stroked, he follows Baynes along the fence, and waits at the gate for the bread or sliced raw potato which will surely be brought from the house.

As Baynes enters the gate, the Holstein cow in the pasture lows, and comes to the bars to have her head rubbed. Next, the timber wolf puppies tumble out to meet him. Romulus greets him like a long-lost cousin, seizing the tails of his master's coat and marching along as if he owned him.

At this home-coming, The Sprite is not there to greet him with his matchless smile, nor Jimmie with his honest hug, but there await him in the next field certain 'tawny, vigorous, kicking, butting, plunging, and withal very innocent-looking

buffalo calves.' Baynes had moved to New Hampshire in order to study the larger animals, but the young buffaloes, of whom much will be heard presently, represented more than mere objects of study. He had not lived for long near the reservation before his plans took a shape he had not anticipated. His mind became deeply absorbed in the future prospects of the almost extinct race of bison. On his first visit to the Blue Mountain Reservation the sight of the herd had stirred in him deep emotions. On perceiving him they had galloped away, all but one immense old bull who refused to run, and who stood squarely across the path, quiet and dignified, but not to be trifled with.

'Perhaps,' wrote Baynes of this encounter, 'never did I feel so much ashamed in the presence of any animal as when, standing face to face with that magnificent creature, I thought of the wrongs his race had suffered at the hands of mine. I thought of the days before 1870, when a man might ride through a herd of buffalo for fifty miles; when on the Western plains they were numbered, not by tens, but by millions. In imagination I was out on the Western prairies in

the early part of last century. I saw in the distance a long, waving line of brown. I heard the deep roll of approaching thunder — the thunder of the shining hoofs of a million charging buffaloes. On they came like a fast-rising tide, their great brown humps heaving and falling like the waves of the sea, and with sunlight glinting from a million crescent horns. And here and there, like chips on the ocean, I could see the lithe forms of Indians, with straight black hair and painted faces, sitting tight to the bare backs of the hard-ridden ponies, and in their wake brown bodies fell, pierced deep by spear or arrow.

‘Again there was a change of scene; again it was night upon the prairies. Hundreds of camp-fires were blazing, and around each moved the unkempt forms of white men. Along the river bank, and at every water hole, bonfires streamed to the sky; they lighted the last scene of the world’s greatest massacre, the slaughter of the buffaloes. Suddenly from somewhere in the outer gloom burst a little band of buffaloes, gaunt of frame, and with tongues lolling from their open mouths. For a week the hunters had carefully guarded every watering place, day and night, well know-

ing that sooner or later the tortured creatures would be driven to face even the deadly rifles in a desperate attempt to slake their thirst. The time had come, and now not even the blazing bonfires and the cracking of firearms could turn them. The little band came on, growing smaller before a withering rifle fire, but at length the remnants stood to their bellies in the water, fiercely sucking in their last long draught. Even as they drank they fell, and presently the firing ceased — because there was nothing more to shoot. The camp-fires died out; the blood-smeared hunters slept; and only the howling of coyotes broke the stillness of the night.'

CHAPTER V

THE FIGHT TO SAVE THE BUFFALOES

BAYNES was not one of those men whose visions linger nebulously around the brain for a time, then fade away. With him it was far otherwise — his visions became the mainspring of action. Being balanced and practical, he dwelt little upon the greed and cruelty of other days. Beyond the dead and the dying of yesterday, he could see living buffaloes, charging once more across the Western prairies. This was the vision he wished others to see, and he set himself to prepare a series of articles that would arouse concern for the future of this persecuted race. Here the positive qualities of his mind found play, for he wrote, not of survivors, but of progenitors. If the herd placed in the Blue Mountain Forest Reservation had, in little more than a decade, multiplied itself by five, why should the extinction of the race be taken for granted? His first articles appeared in the 'Boston Transcript' in the summer of 1904.

The situation of his new home was such as to stimulate imagination and action, and the prox-



BISON AT SUNSET RIDGE

imity of the buffaloes, mutely pleading their own cause, proved a source of inspiration, for the herd was accustomed to graze for days together within sight of the house. A charming sketch of this first autumn at Sunset Ridge has been left by Baynes. 'As I sit here in my home in the mountains of New Hampshire,' he wrote, 'I see through my study windows to the east the wondrous blue hills of the Croydon Range, stretching away to the north and south as far as the eye can reach. Along the nearer slopes there are great belts of hardwood trees, clothed in all the beauty of New England autumn foliage — in raiment of crimson, of purple, and of gold. Running through them in places are strips of dark evergreen forest, mostly spruce and pine and hemlock, which extend upward and cover all the peaks and ridges. And above all there is a sky of heavenly blue, across which is sailing a fleet of white and fleecy clouds. On this side of the mountain slopes, and extending to the very border of my garden, there are great stretches of rolling land, almost bare of trees, covered with grass, which at this season is light brown in color, and divided by living, leaping trout brooks, whose liquid music comes to

me through the open windows. . . . Even as I write, I see the splendid herd of bison grazing on a hillside not far away, their dark brown bodies in strong relief against the light brown grass. For a month or more they have been wandering on the other side of the mountain, but now they are back again, and we shall enjoy the sight of them, perhaps for days to come. Something has startled them, for they have stopped grazing, and have raised their heads in alarm. And here they come, down the mountain side like a charge of cavalry, their tails in the air, and their humps rising and falling as they move on with their peculiar bounding movement, which carries them forward at a speed with which we should hardly credit such ponderous animals.

‘They come like a landslide, the earth trembling beneath their mighty hoofs, and the sound of their coming is like the roar of an avalanche. As they near the level ground below, they gradually slacken their speed, and the sound of their hoofbeats moderates and dies away, as the buffaloes come to a halt on the grassy plain which borders my garden. . . .’

‘Buffalo’ Jones estimated the number of bison

roaming on the plains at fifteen million as of January 1, 1865. The great slaughter commenced a few years later, reaching its culminating point in 1870. During that year Jones thought that not less than four and a half million of the beasts had been slaughtered. His estimate of the number roaming on January 1, 1889, was one hundred and fifty, a miserable remnant indeed.

Between the years 1887 and 1897, Jones made earnest efforts to stir up the Government as to the necessity of extending protection to the buffalo. He made several visits to Washington. He interviewed the Senators and Representatives from Kansas, various Secretaries of the Interior, and other officials, but to no avail.

The Report of the United States National Museum, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, for the year 1887, published an able article on 'The Extermination of the American Bison,' by William T. Hornaday. The article ran to nearly two hundred pages, and embraced the history of the animal from the time of the Spanish occupation of Mexico. Later the Smithsonian Institution planned to preserve the herd in the Yellowstone National Park, but their plans

came to naught. The literature on the bison is considerable.

The situation as Baynes found it was briefly this: Only one national herd of bison existed, and there was some question as to whether its range in the Yellowstone National Park was sufficiently extensive to insure the continued health of the herd as their numbers increased. The other herds belonged to private persons, who had to consider the ever-increasing expense; for in regions where the snow lies it is often necessary to feed hay, of which an adult buffalo can consume three tons in the course of the winter. The matter of disposing of the Blue Mountain Forest herd had already been brought up, for the cost of maintenance was becoming greater than could reasonably be borne by a private family. What Baynes desired to do was to form a society that would carry out plans for the preservation of the North American bison for the nation and for the world. It could not, however, be done overnight, and in the meantime he worked doggedly on, and turned out some forty articles, some of which appeared in magazines, though the greater number were syndicated, and published simultaneously in leading newspapers throughout the country.

After a time, Baynes took counsel with Professor Franklin W. Hooper, Director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, who advised that letters should be written to President Roosevelt and other leading men. Dr. J. A. Allen, American Museum of Natural History, concurred, and accordingly Baynes sent out several letters, and submitted a carefully worked out plan to President Roosevelt. Briefly stated, Baynes's plan consisted of 'taking out of the hands of private individuals as many as possible of the remaining buffalo, and establishing them in small herds, under United States and Canadian Government auspices, on widely separated ranges, so that if contagious disease should strike any one of these herds, not too large a proportion of the existing animals would be wiped out at the same time.'

President Roosevelt's response was immediate, and his approval unqualified:

OYSTER BAY, N.Y., *Sept.* 16, 1904

MY DEAR MR. BAYNES,

I am much impressed with your letter, and agree with every word you say. I remember you well. I have written Secretary Wilson, sending

him your letter, and requesting him to take the matter up with me, and I shall treat of it in my annual message.

With great regard

Sincerely yours

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The annual message to Congress contained the following vigorous recommendation:

‘I desire again to urge upon the Congress the importance of authorizing the President to set aside certain portions of the reserves, or other public lands, as game refuges for the preservation of the bison, the wapiti, and other large beasts once so abundant in our woods and mountains, and on our great plains, and now tending toward extinction. . . . We owe it to future generations to keep alive the noble and beautiful creatures, which by their presence add such distinctive character to the American wilderness.’

Thus, through the comparatively small circumstance of a naturalist’s having moved his residence from Stoneham to Meriden, a matter which had lain printed and embalmed in Government archives, was revived. It was fortunate for the

buffaloes that Theodore Roosevelt was President, and Roosevelt himself is said to have 'congratulated the buffalo on having such an efficient man as Baynes to champion him.'

And now that the project of preserving the buffalo had received the presidential blessing, results followed swiftly. In March, 1905, the New York Zoölogical Society offered to the Government, as a free gift, not less than twelve pure-blooded bison, to serve as a nucleus herd to stock the National Forest Reserve on the Wichita Mountains of Oklahoma. The plans for forming a society, to have as its main object the permanent preservation and increase of the bison, began to take shape, and Baynes's hopes were realized when on December 8, 1905, the American Bison Society came into existence. President Roosevelt became its Honorary President, while later Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, became Honorary Vice-President. Dr. William Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoölogical Society, was elected President. His knowledge of buffaloes, and his energy, were to prove of great value. Baynes became Secretary, and a member of the Board of Managers.

On January 18, 1905, at the request of Dr. Glover Allen, Baynes had uttered his first spoken plea for the buffaloes before the Boston Society of Natural History. He had followed up with lectures before other influential bodies. The formation of the Bison Society at the end of the year did not relieve him of responsibility, and indeed its work during the first years was largely helped through Baynes's untiring efforts. The primary objects were educational, and many of the articles which appeared in American, Canadian, and English journals were from Baynes's pen. Other writers and publicists who championed the cause were George Mandell and Frank B. Tracy, both of the 'Boston Transcript,' Norman Hapgood, Caspar Whitney, Sylvester Baxter, George I. Putnam, L. O. Tilton, Edward Cave, Hamilton Holt, Emerson Hough, and, above all, perhaps, George Bird Grinnell. Never did Baynes's quality stand him in better stead, that unusual combination of a fine, sensitive temperament, with unflagging determination. Feeling acutely that now or never must restitution be made by saving the remnant of the bison from extinction, he lectured with verve in different parts of the

country. In each town visited he secured the support of the newspapers, and endeavored to enlist the sympathy of leading citizens. In certain places, in addition to a lecture, he gave an exhibition of buffalo heads, robes, and other relics. His first effort to raise money and secure memberships by this means was at Worcester, Massachusetts, where he enrolled fifty new members and secured a sum of \$670. At the Sportsmen's Show, held at Boston in April, 1907, he took entire charge of the American Bison Society's exhibition. Of the throngs who attended, probably few had ever seen buffaloes save in zoölogical gardens, and the sight of the six magnificent specimens brought from the neighboring state of New Hampshire made a deep impression. Baynes loaned a collection of enlarged photographs of buffaloes, taken by himself, and exhibited buffalo wool and yarn, as well as garments made from the wool. He showed his buffalo wool gloves, which he had worn for a year and which had proved warm and durable. The success of the exhibition was in ample measure due to his unflagging interest and attention to detail, and perhaps more than all else to that 'kindness in im-

parting information' that had won him the love of his neighbors at Stoneham.

In order to stir up active interest in the buffaloes, Baynes hit upon the plan of training a couple of young bulls, and breaking them to yoke and harness. It was a feat which, from its difficulties, had rarely been attempted — though 'Buffalo' Jones advocated the training of buffaloes, and had himself broken, and driven to yoke, not only young bison, but also a pair of seven-year-old bucks. It contained all the elements of danger and adventure. Those who witnessed the operation were convinced that Baynes would be killed; when they saw him subdue the beasts, and emerge triumphant, they felt that he must have been preserved by some miracle. Nevertheless, he enjoyed the experience, for the task was one which put his mental and bodily training to the test.

Mr. Corbin supplied the youngsters. The young bulls were a few weeks old, and the heifer calf which Baynes took with them only two weeks old. They were brought up on milk, the heifer from the first showing more quickness and intelligence in the matter of feeding, as in all the affairs

of life, than her brothers. As they grew, each proved to have a distinctly individual character. When the time came to try the harness, War Whoop resisted with all his strength and all his resources; but when at length the harness was placed on him, he became impassive and refused to budge. The whip made no impression on his tough hide — he merely lay down and prepared to sleep. Then Baynes had an inspiration. Going close to the animal's ear, he uttered an imitation of the screech of a wildcat. The effect was electrical. Almost before Baynes could get a good grip on the reins, the youngster was going up the road, bellowing at every leap.

The other little bull proved to have an entirely different disposition. When harnessed, he started with a rush, and kicked, buck-jumped, bellowed, and snorted, keeping it up for a mile out and a mile back. But when he got opposite his pasture, he submitted quietly to having his harness removed.

At length the time came to hitch one of the calves to a cart. The local wheelwright had been enjoined to build it strong enough to resist the impact of an express train. It proved to be so

heavy that in the event of a collision Baynes thought the express train would have had a poor chance. But its weight was as nothing to the calf, which — having been forced between the shafts with the united strength of six men — started off with a rush that literally lifted the vehicle into the air. Baynes with difficulty scrambled into his seat, and the ground flew beneath them.

The young bulls filled Baynes's life with variety and with hairbreadth 'scapes, but they never succeeded in capturing his affections to the same extent as did Saucy, the little heifer. 'What has always endeared her to me is her intense loyalty to her brothers,' he wrote. 'All buffaloes are clannish, and Saucy is remarkably so. When I first began to take the little bulls out on the road with a halter, the heifer calf was much distressed, and by her repeated grunts of disapproval made the others very difficult to manage. They would answer her promptly, and many a time they would have rejoined her had it not been for the six-foot wire fence. Then as we returned, Saucy would see us the moment we came in sight, and would make the other calves restless by galloping toward us, grunting indig-



BAYNES WITH THE BUFFALO TEAM THAT HE BROKE TO HARNESS

nantly as she came. When I took the team to the Sullivan County Fair, they were away for five days, and it nearly broke the little heifer's heart. She walked up and down along the fence, often standing up on her hind legs in her efforts to get through it. When at last her brothers returned, she was almost beside herself, and it seemed she would never get tired of caressing them and licking their fur, which she did from head to foot. . . .

'The other day I took the team out for an eight-mile drive, and as usual Saucy was left behind, fuming and grunting. I had gone about half a mile when I noticed the buffaloes becoming restless, and pricking up their ears. The next moment there was a patter of galloping feet, an indignant grunt, and the heifer came tearing up. She planted herself squarely across our path, and would not allow us to proceed until she had kissed her brothers and thoroughly licked their faces. Then she accompanied us during the whole of the drive, sometimes in front, sometimes close alongside, but always so near that she appeared to be hitched to the cart. I thought, of course, that some one had accidentally let her

out of the enclosure, but when I returned I found that she had jumped onto a stone wall just inside the new wire fence, and thence over the fence itself, landing on the road more than four feet below.'

The team appeared in harness for the first time on December 3, 1906, at the Worcester Agricultural Society's Fair, and later at the Sportsmen's Show in Boston, and in other places. An amusing account of one of these exhibitions appeared in a contemporary 'Sportsmen's Review':

'... Then I made up my mind that these people should see how even infant buffaloes could travel when put to the test, and, securing a lighter cart than the one heretofore used, I hitched up the team, arrayed in a handsome little set of double harness, and awaited the signal of the Grand Marshal. It seemed that the little fellows themselves felt that something unusual was coming, for they champed their bits, tossed their shaggy heads, lashed out with their hind feet, and otherwise showed their impatience to be off.

'The signal came, and as I took my seat I

heard the band strike up the stirring old cavalry charge, "The Buffalo Stampede." While one attendant held the plunging little rascals, another threw the double gates wide open, and the fun began. A large crowd had gathered about the pen to see the team hitched up, but as the hairy brown demons sprang through the open gates, that crowd parted even as the Red Sea is said to have parted to accommodate the Israelites. Around the track they swept with an easy, loping stride, not too busy to throw their hind feet over the dashboard now and then, nor to shy half way across the track as they met a big policeman perspiring in his efforts to force the crowd back out of danger. As we turned into the stretch, I slackened my hold on the reins, and the calves increased their speed to a gallop. Like the thoroughbreds they were, they fought for their heads, and a moment later I threw the reins on their backs and let them go. The cart jumped beneath me, as a pebble would jump if jerked at the end of a string, and as I shook my whip above their heads the gritty little beasts laid their bellies to the ground, and went down past the grandstand in a whirl of dust raised by their hoofs.

‘I did not see the crowd, for my eyes were on the buffaloes, but very plainly did I hear the quick, rushing sound, as with one move ten thousand people rose to their feet before breaking into a cheer for the youngsters who were so nobly, if unconsciously, proving to the American people the value of their race, and who were making a splendid appeal for the preservation of the last few hundreds of the North American bison, one of the very grandest animals the world has ever produced.’

The year 1907 was marked by two outstanding events. The first was the dispatch of the promised herd of buffaloes from New York to the Wichita Forest and Game Preserve in Oklahoma. The other was the purchase by the Canadian Government of the entire Pablo-Allard herd of six hundred and twenty-eight buffaloes, the largest herd in the world. In October an encouraging letter was received from President Roosevelt, expressing his deep interest in the work being done by the Society.

But meanwhile events were combining to stimulate the activities of the Bison Society. Under an Act of Congress passed in 1904, the great

Flathead Indian Reservation would be opened for settlement in 1909. Now it was on these lands that the Pablo-Allard herd had increased from thirty animals to a total of upward of six hundred, a number which did not even represent its full possible increase, since animals aggregating between two and three hundred had been sold from time to time. Professor M. J. Elrod was accordingly dispatched to visit the reservation, in order that the best situation for a buffalo range should be determined. The area he recommended was of such a nature and so situated that it was capable of supporting a very large herd, winter and summer, without the expense of feeding hay.

There was no time to lose, for once the lands had been thrown open for settlement they would not any longer be purchasable by the Society. The price of the land could not be ascertained, as the Appraisement Committee had not put in a report. However, in March, 1908, the matter was brought before Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, who acted with promptness. The bill he formulated called for the purchase of a minimum area of twenty square miles at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, and its enclosure with a fence

at a further cost of ten thousand dollars. Both Houses of Congress were sympathetic. The measure, for technical reasons, was eventually attached to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, which was signed by President Roosevelt on May 23, 1908. Later, when the report of the Appraisal Committee was made known, it was found that the sum allowed would pay for twenty-eight square miles. Congress accordingly granted permission to buy the greater area, and voted an additional three thousand dollars for fencing.

The Bison Society, for their part, had undertaken to stock the range, and at once set about raising the necessary sum of ten thousand dollars by national subscription. During the year, Baynes delivered one hundred and thirteen illustrated lectures. The following May (1909), the Treasurer was able to report that more than the requisite sum had been received. The Society was therefore enabled to purchase thirty-four head of bison. Baynes had visited the buffalo ranches of the West during the fall, and had received promises from various owners of gifts of pure-blooded animals for the herd. Thus it came about that no less than forty-seven magnificent

specimens were turned loose in the Montana National Bison Range, in October, 1909, to revel in the luxuriant growth and abundant water-supply of their new home.

The great task was accomplished. The future existence of the bison of the North American continent was assured, for, in addition to the original range in the Yellowstone Park, there was now this great Montana range, and the buffaloes were thriving in the Wichita Forest and Game Preserve in Oklahoma, as well as on the vast Canadian ranges.

Fourteen years later, on April 16, 1924, Baynes, who was a Vice-President of the Society, and one of its three Honorary members, again at the invitation of Dr. Glover Allen, addressed the American Society of Mammalogists in the selfsame lecture hall of the Boston Society of Natural History in which he had uttered his first spoken plea for the buffalo. He was able to point with satisfaction to the record of the American Bison Society, which had continued its work until there had been established nine buffalo herds under United States Government auspices, while the buffaloes on the North American conti-

nent had increased in number to almost fifteen thousand head in 1924.

To accomplish a great work requires the co-operation of many men and varied minds. The American Bison Society possessed all the elements that make for success. The official record is set forth in those interesting annual reports of the first years. Many things were brought about through the influence of men of wide affairs whose names are not here mentioned. Baynes, from his position as secretary of the Society, and as a professional writer and lecturer, was of necessity 'in the limelight.' Modest and unassuming, he would have been the last to lay claim to an undue share in the results accomplished; and after the lapse of years it is difficult to appraise the comparative importance of any man's part. Yet it can be stated without fear of contradiction that until Baynes had seen those buffaloes ranging in the Blue Mountain Forest, no effective voice had been raised for the preservation of the race. Though many had seen danger, and had pleaded with the Government, Baynes, and Baynes only, seems to have been the one who had the good fortune to originate the movement that

resulted in saving the North American bison from extinction. That is much. Some inkling of the tremendous energy he put into the work will have been gathered from the foregoing account. Throughout five long years he worked wholeheartedly and unselfishly, and, in accordance with his nature, ever placed himself second to the object to be attained.

CHAPTER VI

LECTURER AND LETTER WRITER

As a lecturer, Baynes combined a wide knowledge of the subject in hand with a winning personality. His voice was resonant, with something of a minor overtone at times. His statements were definite and clear-cut; there was no hesitation, or mannerism. He could rise at times to heights of indignation, he could move the emotions of an audience; but never by what might be called illicit means, for he adhered to facts and actual experiences, and eschewed sentimentality. His face was at once kind and humorous, serious and alert. There was never a perfunctory sentence in a lecture, no matter how often repeated, nor did his enthusiasm ever fail. He had a sympathetic understanding of his audience, and his power over them was complete, for men and women instinctively recognized the character and ability of the man who stood before them, his presence set off by the green or the bright red waistcoat he was accustomed to wear with his evening clothes. Wherever this 'missionary in

the cause of animal protection,' as he has been called, lectured — in East, West, or Middle West — he held his audience, as he had held that first audience at Stamford, from start to finish. Even the children acknowledged his power — power derived, perhaps, from long association with young animals of other species. In December, 1905, for instance, between eight and nine hundred children were assembled to hear him at Lebanon, New Hampshire. They were having a jolly time, talking and singing, and the noise was deafening. 'No man will ever be able to keep them quiet!' exclaimed the stereopticon operator in despair. Then Baynes appeared, and silence reigned.

'Possessed of a noble eagerness,' Baynes made an unusual appeal even to hardened newspaper reporters, who imparted something peculiarly sympathetic to their accounts of his lectures.

Only a few of the letters he wrote home, during his long absences on lecture trips or other business, have been preserved, but they serve to reveal much of Baynes's character, with his healthy and happy mind, always in pursuit of truth and of new information. The letters that were

written during the trip to the buffalo herds, in September, 1908, reflect his activity as well as his enjoyment of natural color and beauty — and perhaps, too, something of his spiritual, or imaginative, perception.

‘Last night,’ he writes on the North Coast Limited, en route to Missoula, ‘I had a most delightful experience. I sat on the back platform of the observation car, watching the moon rise slowly over the perfectly flat prairie, gradually lighting it up with that mellow, mysterious light which shows everything in mass, but nothing in detail. Every now and again I could see herds of cattle, each animal a black speck on the lighter prairie, and to me they were buffaloes. And mingling with the roar of the flying train I could hear the hoof-beats of other herds racing across the plains, perhaps to reach the many shining ponds we passed from time to time. And oh, the Northern Lights! I never saw such a display, like changing, shifting curtains of light drawn before the gates of Paradise. When I awoke this morning, soon after dawn, I found myself in a country such as I had never seen before. The plains were gray with sagebrush, and away to the

west I saw a line of queer, low, treeless, shrubless hills, many of them cone-shaped, some pointed, others truncated, ribbed and seamed in endless patterns. As the sun rose they took on wonderful colors, and in some cases looked like castles, or like the battlements of some gigantic fortress. . . .’

On September 28, Baynes writes from Ronan, Montana: ‘The ride over here was delightful in many ways. It was a beautiful, warm afternoon, and all the way I had the towering, snow-capped Mission Range on my right, and the broad, flat valley on my left. The meadow larks were singing, a song rather different from that of the eastern bird. Around the Indian farms which I passed now and then the magpies were chattering, and it is really quite a sight to see a dozen or twenty of these conspicuous black and white birds hopping, walking, and flying about the sheds and barns. Once I galloped into a bunch of plover and sent them flying in every direction. Marsh hawks are rather common and quite fearless, allowing one to approach close before taking wing and then flying but a short distance. All along the way the plains were dotted with little blue ponds, and as I rode past them wild duck

in small bunches or large flocks arose and swept away against the sky, with long necks outstretched and whistling wings. . . .’

At the beginning of October Baynes reached Kalispell, where he was received with great cordiality at the Conrad Ranch. On October 3 he writes: ‘I had the time of my life yesterday. The Conrad buffalo herd was brought down from the summer range, six miles away, to a two-hundred-acre pasture close to town, and I was one of the five who did the work. About one o’clock one of the men came over to the hotel, leading a splendid black horse for me, and we set out for the range. It was very cloudy, so I left all the cameras behind and just enjoyed myself. All the men were well mounted, and it was a pretty sight to see them galloping along abreast. We rounded the buffaloes up all right, but before we could start them through the gate, a young bull dashed out of the herd and away across the range, lickety-split. Another man and I went after him at full gallop, but though we succeeded in overhauling him, he dodged us and got away into the woodland. Here some of Harry Smith’s lessons came in handy, and I forced my gee-gee through the



A BUFFALO HERD IN THE WEST

thickets, until I found the buff and drove him out. Then, after turning the animals into the road, one or two riders stayed in the rear to drive, while the rest went on ahead to warn people out of the way, to close gates, and to prevent the buffaloes from turning down lanes or through gaps in the fences. Oh, it was a great sight to see that herd of almost a hundred head tearing down hills half enveloped in dust, crossing wooden bridges with a clatter of many hoofs, and splashing through the water of streams and wayside pools! To-morrow, Sunday, they are to be driven on to the winter range, and in the hope that there will be a chance to get some interesting photographs, I am waiting over. In any case it will add to the material I am collecting for a story on the Conrad herd.'

Mrs. Conrad was one of the owners who presented buffaloes, selecting as her gift to the nation the finest pair she owned — 'Kalispell Chief,' a nine-year-old male whose equal it was thought could scarcely be found the world over, and, for his mate, 'a vigorous, sagacious cow, with wise head and good sense.'

From Kalispell Baynes journeyed by train to

Flathead Lake, which he crossed by gasoline launch, and he finished the day's journey by a twelve-mile ride on horseback across the prairie. 'On the prairie I saw Pablo's ranch and dismounted. I went to the door of a very modern-looking yellowish Mary Ann cottage. I knocked, and the door was opened by invisible means, revealing in the farthest corner an old Indian woman sitting in a rocking chair and smoking a cigarette. I enquired for Pablo, but the old lady told me he had gone to Ravalli and she did not know when I could see him. So I mounted my piebald pony and rode away. I had gone a mile, perhaps, when I met a dark-complexioned, healthy-looking man of perhaps sixty, driving a stocky-built team, a roan and a bay, in a farm wagon. He was dressed in a buff overcoat, a slouch hat, and wore blue overalls over his trousers. I asked him if he had seen anything of Michael Pablo. He replied, "Yes." "Where did you see him?" I asked. "Why, he's right here!" was the reply, and I tossed the reins over the pony's neck, jumped off, mounted the wheel of the wagon, and shook hands with him, left handed, for my right is still rather sore from the

tumble of yesterday. He is a bright-eyed, good-natured old fellow. . . . We chatted for quite a while, but he knocked out all my long-cherished hopes of seeing the round-up, by telling me that it could not begin before the latter part of the month. Well, this is a disappointment, but there's no use worrying. I'll go and see the Pablo herd anyway, and then get out of here just as fast as I can. . . .'

Later in the month he writes from Amarillo, Texas: 'I left Goodnight at 11 o'clock this morning after a stay of two and a half days, during most of which time I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goodnight. They're the real thing. Goodnight himself is a fine type of the old-time plainsman, an Indian fighter who saw much service, a strong character, and a big-hearted, courteous gentleman. Mrs. Goodnight is a slender little old lady, with kindly face and gentle voice, and in her eyes "the light that never was on sea or land." She has lived the rough life of a plainsman's wife for nearly forty years; she has braved attacks from Indians, and in her husband's absence has often had entire charge of a large cattle outfit numbering from fifty to a hun-

dred rough men; yet it has not roughened her a bit. It is to her foresight that we are indebted for the buffalo herd. Thirty years ago, while the great slaughter was going on all around them, and the plains were covered with the dead bodies of buffaloes, Mrs. Goodnight begged her husband to catch some calves, and let her try to rear them at the Palo Duro Ranch, not far from where they are now living. So one day he had an opportunity and roped two, tied their legs, and sent them to her in a wagon. One of her brothers, Walter Dyer, roped two more. One bull and three heifers in all, and from these four the entire Goodnight herd has arisen. This morning Walter Dyer, now getting on in years, saddled his horse with the very saddle from which he roped the babies, and I took a picture of him riding at full gallop, lasso in hand.'

During this trip Baynes met Mr. Howard Douglas and Mr. Ayotte, who had been sent by the Canadian Government to gather data on the subject of buffaloes. There was an exchange of much interesting information, and together they visited the herd on the Flathead Indian Reservation at Ronan. The last important event of this

trip was the visit to the buffalo herd on Antelope Island, Great Salt Lake. This herd was owned by Mr. Dooley, who presented two bison to the Society.

‘Antelope Island is sixteen miles long, and as it rises to a height of about five hundred feet above the level of the lake, it is in full view for many miles across that wide stretch. Four miles from the island we reached the shore of the lake, which at that point is very shallow — not more than halfway to the horses’ knees. In some places for quarter of a mile at a stretch there would be no water at all, so it was quite simple to drive across. From the point at which we landed we drove six miles north along a pretty good road which skirted the water. We were at some little distance from the mountain, and the land between was fairly level, most of it covered with sagebrush, between which grew more or less grass, on which scores of white-faced Hereford cattle were feeding. Presently we came to a pretty, white-washed brick cottage, surrounded by trees and a garden, with barns and barnyards near by. This was where the foreman lived with his wife, and where two other workmen were boarded. This,

too, was where I was to live during my stay. Several greyhounds, black, white, and gray, trotted out smiling to meet us, and two fresh coyote skins nailed on the barn were grim evidence that the dogs were not there solely for ornament. In a pen in one of the yards were three buffalo calves, two with halters on and thoroughly "domesticated" — I don't think! The foreman took them out for me to photograph.

'After dinner we set out to hunt for buffaloes, a buckboard following with the photographic outfit. By and by we spotted an old bull, whose portrait we tried to get, and who promptly charged on the horse, head down and tail in the air. I thought he would do it, so I asked a boy in the buckboard to be ready with the Graflex to snap it, and he says he thinks he got a good one. I hope he did. The horse I rode was a big bay thoroughbred, and I had no trouble in getting away.

'Later in the afternoon we came upon a bunch of buffaloes up on the mountain side, and one of the men undertook to drive them down toward us. He shouted, fired his pistol, and otherwise went crazy, and I never saw such active buffaloes

anywhere else—they ran like jack rabbits. They got away from the man, though he nearly killed his horse chasing them, and got back into the hills, whither I pursued them, using more care and tact. I was getting along fine, and had taken several pictures, when a cow with a small calf got tired of being chased, and turned the tables by suddenly charging right out of the herd like a meteor. This time I was none too quick, but got away all right.

‘Next morning I had a most curious adventure with my horse. We sighted a group of three old bulls, and I went after them alone. I had the old Reflex, from which I had taken out the back combination to increase the size of the image. You will remember that some of the metal work was rather loose, and as I was changing plate-holders, something jingled and the horse jumped forward. I thought he was jumping because he was afraid of the buffaloes, and I gave him his head a little. But at every jump he made, the camera rattled and banged, until he was scared crazy and ran away at full gallop through the sagebrush. At last the hinge broke, and the things did not make quite so much noise, and I

was able to pull him in; but the game was quite exciting while it lasted.

‘Afterwards we rode to the top of the range, and had wonderful views of the lake. We startled a bunch of fourteen buffaloes, and saw them go down the mountain like a landslide. I saved the life of a little jack rabbit crouching beside the trail. The men were calling up the greyhounds, but I pleaded for bunny’s life.’

Baynes became very popular as a lecturer on the Redpath Chautauqua Circuit. These engagements kept him from home for weeks together, and it became his habit to write almost daily to his wife. His letters are full of descriptions of scenery, of towns, and of people, and reflect some of the vicissitudes incidental to a lecture tour. During one summer tour, which embraced the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and South Dakota, the Mississippi was in flood, and a cloudburst and a cyclone had spread ruin. Houses had been blown down, the railroad track washed away, and train service generally disorganized. It was an uncomfortable trip, but Baynes, like Benjamin Franklin, was indifferent to physical conditions, and accepted the bad with the good.

When he found himself at a junction, with a long wait before him and no supper to be had in the town, he philosophically decided to go for a walk and feast on the scenery. 'We were near the Mississippi, which had risen to such a height that the farms as far as the eye could reach were under water, crops and all. Cattle were feeding along the railroad tracks, the only dry ground visible except the wonderfully colored, precipitous bluffs, scarred and seamed, and bristling with misshapen trees — trees which had fought a bitter fight against the elements, against tornadoes and deluges of rain. I thought how good it was to see something that must look about the same as when the great Spanish leader, De Soto, discovered the Mississippi. I also thought what wonderfully safe nesting sites for eagles and peregrines would be afforded by these unscalable cliffs, which in many places overhang in such a way as to make it practically impossible to get at the fissures from above. In the woods at the base of the cliff, many birds were singing their evening songs. Among them was a hermit thrush, and, what struck me harder, a wood thrush. It seemed as though even the rising Mississippi, the Father

of Waters, must pause to listen to that song. . . .

‘As I walked along the railroad I presently came to a side track, where stood a long freight train. I noticed that short ladders were set against one of the cars, and on looking in I saw a table the whole length of the car, set with plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, etc. I found it was the “grub train” for the gangs who were repairing the roadbed, and about half a dozen men were preparing to wash up and sit down. I let them know that if they were to press me very hard, I’d join them. So they pressed me. They had a very good supper, including fine bread-and-butter, fried eggs, new potatoes, stewed corn, tea and cake. . . .’

“Some nights later Baynes was waked up from a much-needed sleep by some men talking loudly in the hall below. Knowing that an ordinary protest is useless in such a case, he went to the banisters and called down in a petulant woman’s voice, ‘I wish you gentlemen would make less noise; I can’t go to sleep!’ Some remarks about old maids reached him as he stole back to his room; but the voices were lowered. Baynes was placid in such small difficulties, and always re-

sourceful. When bringing the four young timber wolf cubs by rail from New York to Boston, it was necessary to feed them with a milk bottle during the night. The man in the lower berth hearing the peculiar sounds called out to know what was going on. 'H-s-s-sh!' replied Baynes, 'I have some tomato plants.' 'You have?' answered the man. 'Well, I hope they won't grow!'

Of a day such as he loved, of a day without crowds or even a companion, he writes a pleasant account: 'Albert Lea, Minnesota. . . . This has been a glorious day, and I have just come back from a long row on Lake Albert Lea. About nine o'clock I hired a boat and set out on Fountain Lake. With the assistance of another man I dragged the boat around a dam, and into the larger lake, where I would not feel hemmed in. The sun was warm, and there was a delightful breeze. After rowing for a time, I just lay back against the comfortable shell-shaped rest, and watched the white clouds, while the boat drifted where the wind and water chose to take it — often through the ranks of beautiful green rushes, which bowed before the pressure of the boat, then rose again behind us, shining and dripping wet.'

As we (the boat and I) passed along, we disturbed the marsh wrens, which greeted us with a petulant twitter. Now and then half-a-dozen black-crowned night herons would rise together from the great stretches of cattails and other tall aquatic plants, and float overhead, saying "quock! quock!" But what were quite new to me, that is in life, were the yellow-headed blackbirds, whose heads and upper breasts are bright yellow. They act much like our redwings in movement, and I should say the two are closely related. The yellow-heads are larger, apparently, and show white on the butts of the wings as they fly. They evidently frequent the margins of streams and lakes, and doubtless nest there. The voice is similar to that of the redwing — an alarm note of "cak-cak-cak," etc.; also an imitation of, or substitute for, the "kong-que-re!" I ate my lunch, a dozen plums, in an oak wood on the shore of the lake; then after watching a man catching a perch with hook and line, I rowed back against wind and stream, reaching the town at 2 o'clock. But I forgot to say that I found some beautiful patches of water lilies, some white and some yellow, and that I am sending you a few of the white ones.'

At a certain town in Minnesota Baynes's lecture had been scheduled for a Sunday night. The local ministers objected, waited on Mr. Baynes in a body, and asked him to alter the lecture to suit the day. Baynes courteously declined, but consented to make an explanation from the platform. Accordingly he prefaced his lecture with the following remarks: 'I have been asked to make some change in my lecture on account of the fact that you are to hear it on Sunday. I do not propose to change a single word. I am here to tell you the truth about real animals, and I have yet to learn that animals have one line of conduct for week days and another for the Sabbath. The fact that their conduct seems sometimes droll and amusing makes it none the worse. You may laugh at some of my stories, and I hope you will, for I believe your chances of getting to heaven will be just as good in a gale of laughter as through an ocean of tears — that is, unless you contemplate going by boat.' In the audience there happened to be a man who despised cant as heartily as did Baynes himself. It was the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, who at the conclusion of the lecture gave Baynes great pleasure by telling him

that the lecture was one of the grandest he had ever listened to, and that he considered it a privilege to have heard it. However, as an offset to Dr. Cadman's approval, Baynes records: 'Last night a man fainted during my lecture at Marshall — I sometimes wonder why more of them don't do it!'

One hot July day in Iowa Baynes went to see a golden eagle which had been captured and caged. 'He was a sad sight, harbored in a small pen where passers-by could stop and poke umbrellas and canes at him. He had a wonderful head, apparently more refined than the bald eagle, but it was bruised from fighting to free himself. I was about to hunt up the owner, when he appeared, a rough, but fine-looking, broad-shouldered fellow. He told me he had shot the eagle in the dusk when out duck shooting, and without knowing what it was. He had injured, but not broken, a wing which was now well again. I asked him what he was going to do with it, and he said he intended to send it to the Zoölogical Gardens at Des Moines, the capital of this State. I urged him not to do this, but to liberate the bird, and I suggested that we take it out at once and let it go.



A SNAPSHOT

Finally he gave way, and turning to me said, "I won't let it go to-day, but I promise you I'll liberate it as soon as its new wing feathers have grown a little longer." I know he'll keep his promise, for he is a thoroughbred.'

On another occasion in Iowa, but this time in mid-winter, Baynes and his small party on the Chautauqua Circuit found themselves stranded at a junction, owing to misinformation given by a station master. Baynes's lecture was scheduled for eight o'clock in the evening at Britt, but the train could not get there till eleven. There was to be a large audience, and, as if it were to aggravate the situation, Britt had already been disappointed by the Redpath Circuit earlier in the season. However, Baynes 'decided to play trumps and to get there, no matter what it cost. The nearest point I could reach was Jewell Junction, and I set the wires going for a special train to meet me on my arrival. It only cost \$1.50 a mile, or \$100. altogether, and then it did not take us to Britt. But I figured that if we ran about sixty-five miles at a mile a minute, we might catch a big train at Algona on another line, and that on this we could reach Britt at 7 P.M. All

afternoon we kept getting telegrams about the special, and when we reached Jewell Junction there was a great big snorting engine, with steam up, and with engineer, fireman, conductor, and a master engineer in addition, all at their posts and ready to fling things wide open. There was a single car attached, and into this we were hustled, baggage and all. There was a warning whistle from the throat of the big engine, and she jumped into her harness, throwing us almost off our feet. Away she went lickety-split, and as I held my watch in my hand I marked the speed — forty, fifty, sixty, sixty-five miles an hour — and I laughed as I watched the great well-oiled machine plunging along through the fog, with our car streaming behind like the tail of a comet. All at once there was an explosion, as the coupling broke; the air brakes parted and the engine jumped forward into the fog alone. But the accident worked automatically on the engine, setting her brake so that she was obliged to stop, and soon she came back, picked us up, and the race was on again. But this accident had delayed the game several minutes, and it was no longer possible to reach Algona before the other train was

due. So we telegraphed ahead to have the other train held a few minutes, and telegraphed also for a special bus and an express wagon, to carry us and our baggage from one station to the other. And away we went again, whistling and shrieking. We saw other trains standing on sidings, waiting for us to go by, for we had the right of way. The master engineer, who rode in the car with us, became afraid we were not going to make it after all; so when we were obliged to slow down for a bridge, he climbed into the engine himself and took personal charge. If we had jumped before, we fairly flew now, and we seemed to take the curves on two wheels. We got in a trifle late, but we jumped into the special bus and were soon at the other station. The conductor shouted, "All Aboard!" Then I had to run and yell at him to wait for our baggage, for of course we could only give half a show without the lantern. He had a big train, with Pullman cars, dining-cars, etc., and said he'd be damned if he'd wait! But somehow I hung onto his coat-tails until we heard the splashing of galloping horses in the muddy night. It was our baggage, sure enough, and we reached Britt in time to give the lecture.

I think I never talked better, and was more than ever sure that I had played the game right.'

When traveling in Kansas in July, 1909, Baynes wrote: 'We left Blue Rapids at 2 A.M., and arrived soon after daylight at a station named Clifton, where we had to change to the Rock Island road. There was no dray to transfer our baggage, so we asked the two young fellows who were in charge of the station if we might use the baggage truck to take the trunks, etc., to the other station about three blocks away. They said no, but that they would get a truck and transfer the baggage themselves. They brought the truck, and when I asked them how much they would charge they said fifty cents a trunk. The Jubilee singers had five trunks, and we had one, in addition to hand baggage. The singers asked me to manage the affair for them, so of course I refused to pay that exorbitant price. I knew we were being held up because it seemed that we could do nothing but accept the terms. I offered two dollars for the job, but the drivers were very fresh and independent and drove off and left us. It was so early that no one else was up, so I told the Jubes to seize the railroad baggage truck, pile

all the trunks on it, and start for the other station. There were four strapping negroes, and it was no kind of a stunt for them to do this, and in ten minutes the thing was done without any expense at all. Of course the fresh officials were furious, and came and took my name and address. Then I took theirs, to even up.

‘The Chautauqua business is suffering greatly from the wind storms. Three tents have been blown down during the past week, and some of them badly torn. At Garden City the piano was blown off the platform, and a tent pole fell across it, smashing it. . . .’

‘March 6, 1910. On the Train between Livingston and Billings, Montana: This train is one day and six hours late. We have missed one lecture engagement, and are likely to miss another, but I am not worrying a bit. We shall lose a little money by the delay, but I feel mighty fortunate when I think of the many lives that have been lost on these Western railroads within the past week. Our own delay was caused by the train ahead of us jumping the track and plunging down the side of an embankment by the side of a swift river. We passed the wreck, after waiting

for more than a day while a track was being built around it. The baggage car was burnt up completely, the splintered coaches were thrown down the embankment, and the end of one coach was in the river. The passengers were bruised and shaken up, but by a miracle no one was killed. . . . We found R. a dead town, and as the committee had not believed we could get there, the prospects of an audience were small. So I went round to the High School and gave two talks, one to the older students and one to the younger, whetting their appetite for the lecture, and a fairly good crowd turned out. But our troubles were not at an end. The train we were to leave on was not running at all, but a special was due at something past one in the morning; so we just had to wait. Smith and I and two other men bought some bottled beer, and took it round to a restaurant, where we ordered a simple supper. It was a cold, raw night, raining a little, and on the way to the restaurant we came upon a young collie dog, something like Donald, smiley and friendly, but cold, shivery, and generally mizzable. I invited him to come along with us, an invitation he accepted with alacrity. I gave him a comfortable

place by the warm stove, and ordered supper for him. Was he grateful? Gee, he could hardly eat for smiling and wagging his tail — much to the amusement of the other men. When we got outside he wanted to be my dog, and when I explained how it was, he stood on the corner smiling wistfully, until I lost him in the mist.

‘We have passed Billings since I began this letter, and now, about 5 P.M., we are passing the battlefield of the Little Big Horn, where General Custer with his little body of U.S. troops was overwhelmed by Sitting Bull’s Indians, and massacred after the most desperate fight. Every man knew long before the end that he was doomed, but each determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. They were all killed, but not until they had dyed the buttes and prairies with Indian blood. As I write I can see the monument erected to Custer, surmounting a butte close to the spot where he died, and around it the ground is white, as with snow, with the little headstones which mark the graves of his men. Other stones, alone and widely separated, probably mark the spots where the officers fell. I can see them now in imagination, in their blue uniforms, wounded,

but with set determined faces, lying flat on their bellies in slight hollows in the ground, and pumping lead from their hot, smoking rifles into the hordes of shrieking red fiends, who came on like the waves of the sea, as numerous and as irresistible, until the brave little band was completely wiped out. Custer has been severely criticized for his folly in attempting what he did, and against orders at that. Had he been successful, he would have had no critics; the world would have applauded his skill and foresight. But even as it is, his name is a synonym for bravery, and

“His high soul burns on to light men’s feet,
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet.”

CHAPTER VII

A CHAMPION FOR THE BIRDS

DURING a lecture tour in February and March, 1910, Baynes saw the last of the passenger pigeons at the Cincinnati Zoölogical Gardens. Two aged birds in a cage remained to represent their butchered race — a race whose countless millions had formerly darkened the sky during migrations.

When he returned home, it happened that he was invited to lecture before the Audubon societies of Massachusetts, which needed to be aroused from their inactivity. In accepting the invitation, he scarcely realized that he was entering upon a definite epoch of his life; but so it proved. The lectures attracted attention far beyond the borders of the State, and gradually, to the exclusion of further study of the larger animals, he found himself drawn into bird work.

Since the death of Audubon in 1851, interest in the wild birds had spread. The literature concerning them was extensive. Their relation to the economic life of the country was under investiga-

tion, and the results made public through the bulletins of federal and state governments. Yet there was room for more workers, and Baynes proved to be peculiarly fitted to hold a brief for the birds. He became, as will be seen, a remarkable and delightful advocate.

While lifelong observation of the birds and their habits did not qualify him as an ornithologist, the record of his contacts with bird life might well have excited the envy of the scientists. Birds of no less than twenty-three species had fed from his hand. His photographs and lantern slides, therefore, contained unusual features. His work of organization at Stoneham for protecting the birds during the winter storms, had taught him what organization could accomplish. In short, his equipment as a lecturer was out of the common. He was in a position to give lectures that would charm those who had already been converted. But that was not enough; he was more interested in turning sinners to repentance. In that class he placed the large body of persons — who are not nearly so clever as they think — known as ‘practical.’ To reach them, Baynes knew he must have facts, figures, and proofs. To

obtain these data, he applied to the scientist — to find that the results of the patient labor of decades lay at his disposal.

The mass of scientific material Baynes handled with skill in his lectures, so that his idealism was supported by practical and suggestive facts. Farmers, for instance, saw on the screen pictures of the birds they were accustomed to shoot as destructive, such as certain kinds of hawks and owls. They learnt that such birds possessed high economic value in keeping down the swarms of rats, mice, and other pests. Moreover, they found that through destructive ignorance their own country had become depleted of wild bird life to a degree that resulted in an annual loss estimated at more than a billion dollars. The tale of the insect scourge that bereft vast districts of Germany of every trace of green, never failed to drive the lesson home. For in the midst of the desolation there remained one verdant oasis, the estate of Baron von Berlepsch, where for years the birds had been fed, protected, and encouraged.

The lectures on birds became very popular — though Baynes did not relinquish his talks on

wild animals. They were full of variety and color, and drew spontaneous enthusiasm, in city, town, and village, from the varied assemblies of men and women, school children, college students, who heard them. Interest in outdoor life was stimulated, pity stirred — for Baynes never failed to dwell upon the cruelty which men had meted out to the birds. What, perhaps, gave most delight were the lantern slides showing how close he had got to the timid winged creatures. That birds would light on the shoulder, eat from the hand, come to the table and share the breakfast, sounded as a tale from a world more beautiful than that in which his hearers dwelt. A different world it was, and Baynes delighted in explaining by what short and easy steps it could be attained.

Baynes based all his lectures and all his articles — for he also wrote much on the subject of birds at this period — on sound good sense. For ignorance he sought to substitute knowledge, for the negative the positive, and he strove to bring about a reformed public opinion that would supplant the old method of prohibition by law. ‘Laws protecting the birds are necessary,’ he



AN INQUISITIVE CHICKADEE

‘was fond of saying, ‘but not fundamental. It is not popular to tell people what they must not do. It is our purpose to get people to love the birds, and then they will fight for them without the passing of any laws. The rule of hospitality is the greatest factor. Once a person has received a social call from a bird, such as the birds are accustomed to make at my home in Meriden, he will ever afterwards treat his bird callers as he would treat his human guests. It is human nature. There lies the solution of the problem.’

‘When you people of Omaha,’ he cried upon another occasion, ‘have your bird sanctuary, and have taught the birds to love you as much as you seem to love them, there will come to this city a new interest and a new beauty of life that will be one of your most prized possessions. The intimate relations that can be established between you and your song birds I have illustrated here to-night, and I have no doubt but that when I return, as I hope to do very soon, you will be doing the very things of which I have told you.’

Many friendly, encouraging letters were received during the early years of bird work —

such as that from the Superintendent of Schools at Concord, Massachusetts. Having reported the tangible results of Baynes's visits in the founding of bird clubs, he observed that the lectures had done more to inspire the boys and girls with a sensible attitude towards nature than all the teaching that could have been done in the schools.

Practical idealist as he was, Baynes was soon casting about for some way to give permanent shape to the enthusiasm he could so easily arouse. He did nothing by halves; he was not content merely to do a thing, for anything he undertook became as a part of himself, and to remain at a given point was impossible. He must press forward. Work was merely work; work with the consciousness of progress was life. The plan he hit upon was to found bird clubs that would belong to the community. What later became known as the 'Meriden idea' seems to have originated with him. Many sanctuaries for bird and beast already existed — President Roosevelt had established fifty-three such reservations during his administration. The novelty in Baynes's plan consisted in the community care

of the birds, and incidentally in the ownership of a sanctuary by the community. The idea 'caught on.' Within a few months of the formation of the Meriden Bird Club, ten similar organizations had been formed in neighboring towns and villages, as the result of lectures given by Baynes. Eventually hundreds of clubs were founded, of which it is probably fair to say that the greater number continue to function, and to exercise a beneficent influence in matters connected with bird conservation. Indeed, they serve the community in a double sense, for they bring together in friendly fellowship persons in widely separated walks of life, and of different races and creeds.

The beginnings at Meriden were modest. Sixty persons banded themselves together under Baynes's leadership, their objects being 'the increase and protection of our local wild birds, the stimulation of interest in bird life, and the gradual establishment of a model bird sanctuary.' They named themselves The Meriden Bird Club, and became enthusiastic and active. A year later, in 1911, the club acquired land for the establishment of a sanctuary, through Miss

Helen Woodruff Smith's gift of a thousand dollars. This was the old Watson farm of thirty-two acres, which adjoined the village to the west. It contained arable land and woodland in ideal proportions, and its development was undertaken so that it might attract, not only the birds, but the people who loved them. Led by Baynes, the able-bodied members of the club were soon at work on plans submitted by a friendly landscape architect. The students of the local academy lent their help. Rising at daybreak, they worked steadily day by day, until baseball called them away for the season. Then paid labor was engaged, and before winter set in the greater part of the preparatory work was accomplished. Roads and paths had been made, the woods thinned to let in air and light, and the underbrush cut out so that berry-bearing shrubs could be planted to afford food and cover for the birds. The open fields were ploughed, and sown in the spring with sunflower seed and with various cereals, such as corn, wheat, and millet. The following autumn a 'Sanctuary Day' was appointed, when every man in Meriden turned out with pick and shovel, team or plough, to give

one day of unpaid labor in the service of the birds. This became an annual custom. In 1912, the property was rounded out by the purchase of the old Watson farmhouse, which it was hoped later to convert into a bird museum and library.

Experiments with food houses, window boxes, and Berlepsch bird houses, were tried out, and bird baths were placed in the sanctuary. The birds were systematically fed in winter, and thousands of them made the village resound after each snow storm. The feline potter's field was enlarged, and by the end of 1912 contained the bodies of cats which, had they been left to range, would have destroyed many thousands of birds. Baynes regarded the deliberate choice of cat lovers in favor of birds as one of the most noteworthy advances in local bird protection, and commended the example to others. European sparrows were banished, and red squirrels reduced in number to a comparatively harmless few. During ten consecutive days in June, 1916, a hundred and one pairs of breeding birds, representing fifty-three distinct species, were counted within the precincts of the sanctuary. One cold October morning twenty-five goldfinches were

noted together at the Edward Everett Hale bird bath.

The birds became more and more a source of intimate delight to the householders of Meriden. Mrs. Baynes induced the chickadees to remain for breakfast through the simple expedient of stitching nuts to the tablecloth. On the humming bird she perpetrated an amusing trick by concealing in bright-colored artificial flowers little vials of honey and water, which attracted the tiny creatures to the house long after the lilacs had faded.

Visitors attracted to the Bird Village by the accounts which appeared in various magazines and newspapers, were astonished at the number of birds and their tameness. Many persons felt, like the Queen of Sheba, that the half had not been told them. So famous did the Meriden Bird Club become that, to quote from its third report, it 'had made its influence felt from one end of the country to the other, and had been consulted by bird protectors in Canada, in England, and in several of the countries of Europe.'

In the spring of 1913, Baynes conceived the idea of holding a formal dedication ceremony in



WHITE-WINGED CROSSBILLS

the sanctuary, and sought out his friend, Percy MacKaye, at Cornish, to beg a poem for the occasion. The poet readily consented, but in the course of the summer decided that he would write, not a poem, but a masque.

From early times birds have played a part in literature. As sardonic observers of human frailties they figure in Aristophanes. St. Francis of Assisi brings them before us in the guise of gentle female chatterers; while the poets of the nineteenth century regard them as elusive spirits of the air. All such literature has its place and its charm, but it differs in scope from Percy MacKaye's poem. What Tom Hood did for oppressed humanity, MacKaye sought to do for the birds. The result is shown in 'Sanctuary,' a composition of great beauty, which he afterwards published in book form, with the following dedication:

TO

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

'WILD NATURE'S HUMAN SYMPATHIZER'

IN ADMIRATION OF HIS DAUNTLESS

SERVICE TO THE BIRDS.

'The night on which the last lines of the masque were written,' wrote Baynes, 'we sat

together in MacKaye's lonely little study, which nestles like a partridge chick beneath the brooding branches of a gnarled and storm-strengthened maple on a Cornish hill-top. The table at which we sat was several thousand years old—it was a section of a giant redwood. On a beam above it was the nest of a Robin which had elected to share the roof of another maker of song. From the richly shadowed half-light on the walls looked down a portrait of Steele MacKaye, the poet's father, a bust of Poe, a death mask of Keats, and a life mask of MacKaye himself, made by his friend, George Gray Barnard.

'From time to time we smiled as a Song Sparrow started from his sleep in a near-by hemlock and burst into full song, or as the deep-toned hooting of a Barred Owl rolled through the darkness from the direction of Brown Beard's Hill. It was after two o'clock when we turned in, and as we awoke with the sun in our eyes, an Upland Plover,

"Azure-born, gale-blown
Gull of the billowy hills,"

was trailing across the sky above the maple, leaving swirling ripples of song in his wake. And if

anything more auspicious were needed we had it a few minutes later when we saw a Great Blue Heron, a bird never seen on that hill before, swing in over the housetop and flap slowly and majestically away to the southward. Of course we called for the rest of the family at the house some distance away to come and see this beautiful thing, and then we all joined hands and danced thrice around, and declared it a good omen, foretelling the success of the masque.'

The masque was performed in the open air theater of the Meriden Bird Sanctuary on the evening of September 12, 1913. The stage, which was divided into two planes, the natural and the supernatural, blended into a background of greensward, shrubs, and trees. The lighting threw the actors into relief against shadowy forms which enhanced the reality. It seemed as if scenes in the life of the forest folk were passing before the eyes, so naturally did the quaint costumes harmonize with the surroundings. It was an hour of beauty, of a beauty that was close to tears, and the audience sat spellbound as they listened to the song of the hermit thrush, and watched the unfolding of a reverie as the song dies.

The first quaint figure of the dream, Quercus, the faun, wends his way through the woodland, and is presently joined by Alwyn, the poet. They fall to talking of the sanctuary. They are joined by Shy, the naturalist, who finding the faun idle sends him off on an errand for the birds. Shy and Alwyn discuss the misdeeds of Stark, the plume hunter, until the latter comes in and defends himself, pointing out that gentle ladies applaud and support him. Stark goes on his way, and presently Alwyn summons the goddess Tacita, in order that she may interpret to them the hidden meanings of the bird songs. As Tacita is treading a dance of invocation to Ornis, the Unseen Spirit of Winged Things, the shot of a gun cracks out, a bird falls to the ground, and Ornis herself, with wild cries of 'Sanctuary! Sanctuary!' stumbles from the wood and lies wounded at their feet. They help her to rise, and as she revives she tells of her agony, the agony of all hunted things through the ages:

... suddenly

The earth screamed thunder, and a singeing fire
Shattered my wing. I fell. —
Groping in flight, my feet stuck fast

In smear of lime; swift from below
 A tangling net was cast
 Where, panting upward, a black hell
 Of bloody mouths barked under me;
 And there beside them — oh,
 There watched, with eyes of wanton cruelty,
 A man — bright clothed in many-colored plumes
 Of my dead sisters. 'Save me from their dooms,'
 I cried, 'O Sanctuary!'

Stark crashes in after the bird he has killed, but Ornis remains invisible to him, until Tacita, luring him by her delicate dancing into the plane of the supernatural, reveals her presence. For a moment he is awed; then, his instinct asserting itself, he flings his net over Ornis, in order to secure her bright plumage. Rescued and protected by the others, she makes piteous appeals to the hunter. At length at her words,

Hunt no more
 With lime and net: your love shall hold me faster;

Stark relents, throws down his gun, and vows eternal allegiance.

Such in briefest outline is the play. The players were notable. Percy MacKaye took the part of Alwyn, the poet, and Baynes played Shy, the naturalist. President Wilson's daughter, Miss

Eleanor Wilson, played Ornis, while another of his daughters, Miss Margaret Wilson, sang the song of the hermit thrush. One of the most interesting members of the cast bore no name. It was the wild bird on the hand of the dryad, which had been obtained by Mrs. Baynes an hour or two before the performance by simply stretching out her hand and selecting the bird she needed from among those which happened to be feeding at her window. The bird, being Meriden bred, was fearless, and when released flew to preen its feathers on a bush within view of hundreds.

Among the company assembled to do honor to this first performance of 'Sanctuary,' the President of the United States occupied the seat of honor. On all sides sat representatives of the world of Science, Music, Art, Letters, and Diplomacy. The roads and byways were packed with motor cars. For a brief moment the village was the center of the world, and great people were being moved to sympathy with the birds. It seemed but the natural culmination when the hunter throws away his gun, and when Quercus, a 'modern, science-tutored fairy,' joyously sum-

mons the birds to assemble without fear. In they troop, a great company, gay in all colors to represent plumage. Then the Cardinal Bird, attended by two small acolytes garbed in crimson, advances to the front of the stage, and proceeds to read the Epilogue from a document borne on a cushion that matches in color his brilliant plumage.

The Masque had achieved a triumph. A thousand newspapers would repeat the allegory of the birds. And yet, gratified as he had every reason to feel, Baynes must well have realized that it was but an incident in a long fight. Perhaps there came to his mind those lines of Tennyson's which he afterwards quoted in a book:

And he sat him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
 That made the wild bird pause in her cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.
 The swallow stopped as he hunted the bee,
 The snake slipped under a spray,
 The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
 And stared with his foot on the prey.
 And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
 But never a one so gay,
 For he sings of what the world will be,
 When the years have died away.'

‘When the years have died away!’ Well, perhaps; but that remote period concerned him not at all. He, Harold Baynes, was here in the world now, and it was his business, as it was his pleasure, to fight with all his strength. What was abundantly clear to him was that men died, and that the time to fight was all too short.

And indeed the enemy was already shouting defiance. ‘At no time in any part of the world,’ wrote a representative of the fancy feather trade, in a letter which appeared in the ‘New York Times’ on September 13, 1913, ‘has the fancy feather trade been responsible for the extermination, or the appreciable decline in number, of a single species of wild bird life. This is a broad statement, and those who differ from me will deny its truth. It can only be refuted by furnishing the facts as to the name and habitat of the species it is alleged the trade has exterminated for millinery purposes, or even appreciably decreased in number. Mere slander and abuse are not sufficient.’ It was a letter of some length, with occasional lapses of grammar and construction, and ended with cumbersome expressions of disapproval of the masque, of the President be-

cause he had supported the masque with his presence, and of the Audubon societies.

Baynes took up the rash challenge, and quickly exposed its false implications. His reply, dated September 15, appeared in the 'New York Times,' and a portion of it is quoted here, because it summarizes a matter that is likely to remain of interest until vanity and thoughtlessness are replaced by that spirit which Baynes spent his life in trying to inculcate.

'I have read in your issue of September 13 a letter printed under the caption, "Plumage Saves Birds." The author, an upholder of the practices of the feather trade, endeavors to show that the milliners are the saviors, rather than the destroyers, of the wild bird life, and challenges the bird societies to disprove his statements. Kindly permit me as the General Manager of The Meriden (N.H.) Bird Club, in whose membership some thirty States are represented, to accept the challenge.

'In his opening sentence your correspondent states that "on the question of bird protection and the feather trade public opinion has been willfully and grossly misinformed." I quite agree

with what he meant to say, but I would remind him that it is the milliners who have spread the misinformation. Perhaps he may recall that when the good women of this country and of England realized that the wearing of egret plumes meant, not only the slaughter of the birds which wore them, but also the death by starvation of the helpless nestlings, and began to decry the hideous fashion, the milliners hoodwinked their customers by labeling the plumes "artificial," stating that they were made up by thousands in the factories, out of quills and other things. And he may remember that when the naturalists exposed this fraud, the perpetrators of it admitted that the plumes were real, but explained that they were moulted feathers, taken from the nests or picked up from the ground after the breeding season — an explanation as false as Judas. Yes, surely the public has been "willfully and grossly misinformed."

'Your correspondent further states that "at no time or in any part of the world has the fancy feather trade been responsible for the extermination or appreciable decline in number of a single species of wild bird life." If it were not for the

fact that there may be children who have read and believed this misstatement, I should not insult your adult readers by denying it. It is a well-known fact that the feather trade has never in its long and tarnished history refrained from slaughtering any species, no matter how rare or how near to the verge of extinction, as long as there was a dollar to be made by continuing the work of destruction. He asks for the names and habitats of the species which the milliners have destroyed or appreciably reduced in number. I will mention a few of the many. The first that comes to my mind is the Egret. I beg to refer your correspondent to the consular and diplomatic reports on the trade and commerce of Venezuela, where he may learn that owing to the slaughter of this bird by the plume hunters for the millinery trade, the production of egret plumes was in ten years, 1898 to 1908, reduced from a million and a half to quarter of a million. Perhaps he does not consider a decrease of over 83 per cent "appreciable." But we need not send him so far afield. The pitifully few and scattered nests to be found in Florida to-day represent what the plume hunters, at the convincing muz-

zle of the warden's rifle, have left us of a White Heron population of some three million birds. If he wants the gruesome details of the butchery, I refer him to the signed statements of such reliable eye-witnesses as W. E. D. Scott, Frank M. Chapman, Herbert K. Job, or to any other reputable authority on the subject.

'Jumping to northern Russia for a moment, we are informed by the governor of Archangel that there recently came into port there as part of the cargo of a single vessel, ten tons of grouse wings — 400,000 wings for women's hats, representing the slaughter of 200,000 Willow Grouse, whose bodies had been thrown away. The long-plumaged Birds of Paradise are almost extinct. Once numerous on the Island of Jobi, to which I believe they were peculiar, they have been destroyed by the millinery trade, until now the most active search on the part of natives fails to secure more than a few skins each year. The Blue Bird of Paradise is now so rare that twenty hunters in a three weeks' search over the greater part of its very limited habitat were able to secure only three specimens. The red species is also very rare and is probably doomed to extinc-

tion. The feather trade is wholly responsible for these conditions. Your correspondent talks about the preservation of these birds by domestication soon becoming an accomplished fact. There are some statements which are too absurd to deny. He might as well discuss the question of establishing Peregrine Falcon ranches, Skylark yards, and Hummingbird farms. However, I will say that whenever he and his milliner friends have a good-sized flock of Birds of Paradise under domestication, we shall be glad to go and take a look at it. Until then he must pardon our skepticism.

‘The attack upon the Audubon societies is equally truthful and accurate. The leaders of those societies need no defense by any one. William Dutcher, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, who has devoted many years of his life to the protection of birds, and who has persistently refused to accept any remuneration for his services, cannot fairly be accused of selfishness.

‘As a member of the cast in Percy MacKaye’s bird masque “Sanctuary,” the presentation of which seems to have caused your correspondent

so much pain, permit me to state that his very outcry shows how hard we hit the hideous trade which he seeks to uphold. His criticism of the President of the United States for permitting members of his family to use their talents for a nation's welfare, I will not answer. He asks if these members of the President's family did not make "a leap in the dark." This I will answer. They made no leap in the dark, but took a step into the bright sunlight of humanity and progress — a step so true and firm that the crawling things beneath it wriggled and hissed. . . . When I saw gentle ladies, representing the first and best in American womanhood, brave the publicity from which they ordinarily shrink as from a blow, that they might tell to that audience, and through the assembled press to the world, the story of the wrongs of wild birds, I heard above their sweet and pleading voices and the sound of their light-moving feet, the death-knell of the plume trade.'

The performance of 'Sanctuary,' with the resulting publicity, is said to have exercised a favorable influence on the passage of the feather proviso of the Tariff Bill, prohibiting the impor-

tation of the plumage of non-game birds for millinery purposes. A second performance, given at the request of the Civic Forum of New York, in February, 1914, before two thousand persons in the grand ballroom of the Astor Hotel, led to further good results. Among those present was Mr. Edward C. Moen, Vice-President of the Woodlawn Cemetery Association, who was so deeply impressed that shortly afterwards, through his influence, New York's great city of the dead was fitted out as a bird sanctuary. Another result was the founding of that famous model sanctuary, Bird Craft, at Fairfield, Connecticut.

CHAPTER VIII

WRITING, LECTURING, AND ACTING

THOUGH the author of numerous articles on birds, Baynes had not paused in his busy life to get together the materials for a book. He was becoming very well known, however, and his work had developed to a point where a book embodying his teaching would prove interesting and useful. Such a book he set himself to produce, and the result was published by E. P. Dutton & Company, in 1915, under the title, 'Wild Bird Guests — How to Entertain Them.' Theodore Roosevelt, President of the Long Island Bird Club, which had been organized by Baynes in the drawing-room of the Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay, wrote the preface from the intimate point of view of 'one who has in his own person benefited by the result of Mr. Baynes's missionary work.'

'Wild Bird Guests' sets forth the case of the birds with fairness and force. It is divided into three parts: 'Why Birds Need Protection'; 'Why it is Worth While to Give Birds Protection';



ROAD TO THE MERIDEN BIRD SANCTUARY

and 'How we can All Help to Protect the Birds.' The first part tells of the vast destruction of the birds by the elements, by disease, by their natural enemies, and lastly (great and unnecessary cruelty!) by man. Before indicating methods of mitigating the misery and destruction, Baynes gives striking facts in a chapter entitled, 'The Money Value of Birds,' which is worthy of careful study, for, as the world is at present constituted, human activities depend largely on money. Though certain birds may be destructive of property, and though others useful in one latitude may be harmful in another (such as the bobolink, which eats insects in the North, but destroys rice fields in the South), Baynes found from a careful study of government statistics that birds in the main are not only useful, but very useful; that their presence in great numbers would result in the saving of crops and material; and that it is imperative that we protect them and insist upon their being protected by others.

Baynes himself needed no promise of advantage. He loved birds, and that was why he patiently labored with figures, arguments, and appeals. His love in no respect resembled the

unreasoning, sentimental kind, which controls so many societies organized for the protection of animals, and which brings discredit on the cause; it was that of a strong, intelligent man, and deep in his being; it was controlled by his head. He quoted:

‘A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage,’

but that was not his way. A golden eagle in a cage is a sight still sadder, but instead of raging, he reasoned. He wrote that a man could effect a quarrel with him in no surer way than by injuring a chickadee. The chickadees around his home knew him. Sometimes they flew to his shoulders and accompanied him as he walked. But his love for them took the form, not of quarrels, but of lectures, articles, photographs, that would endear these trustful little birds to others.

Chapter VI, therefore, ‘The Æsthetic and Moral Reasons for Protecting the Birds,’ reveals something of Baynes’s nature. ‘We have seen how valuable the birds are to us as guardians of our trees and crops,’ he writes, and ‘we realize that we should protect them for our own interests, because they insure us heavier yields and more

money. To do this will show our wisdom and far-sightedness; it will show our *interest* in birds. But it will not necessarily show our *love* for them, for "love does not traffic in a market-place, nor use a huckster's scales." Valuable as birds are as checks upon our enemies the weeds, the insects, and the rodents, there are higher reasons for protecting them. Looking at the matter from an æsthetic point of view, there are tens of thousands of people, and I number the reader and myself among them, who would find the world a much harder place to live in if it were not for the birds. Our happiness is made up largely of pleasant sights and sounds and thoughts, and there would be far less of all these if there were no birds. We should be deprived of the sight of their wonderful forms and colors and movements. How much a flock of sea-gulls, wheeling and turning and flashing sunlight from their silver pinions, above the deep blue water of a bay or harbor mouth, adds to the beauty of the scene. . . . To a lover of nature it seems there is no time or place that the presence of living native birds does not add to one's happiness. In camp on a New England mountain-top in the cool daybreak of a summer morning, the

wonders of the coming sunrise are heralded by the voices of the hermit thrushes rising in chorus from the dawn-lighted spruce spires below. The loneliness of the marsh at noonday vanishes as a stately heron flaps across the stagnant water and silently joins our vigil. In the afternoon among the flower beds the soft purr of a humming bird's motor causes us to smile as we realize that we are not alone in the garden. In the dusk of the evening the call of the soft-voiced, invisible whippoorwill adds charming mystery to the gathering shadows of the roadside; and the glories of a winter night in the big woods are not complete without the deep-tone hooting of an owl to speak of the majesty of solitude. By the wonderful and delightful feeling of companionship which they create, birds lure us into the open — away from the cities, into the woods and fields, and beside the rivers and the ocean beach, where the air and sunlight are pure and full of health and life. And perhaps, after all, this is just as important as keeping the bugs out of the potato patch.'

A large portion of 'Wild Bird Guests' deals with 'how to entertain' — winter feeding, bird baths, the planting of berry-bearing shrubs, the

organization of bird clubs, and kindred matters. It contains sensible, steady remarks on subjects concerning which people are prone to lay down the law. Many a man, for instance, loses his temper on the subject of the Italian workmen who shoot song birds. The page on 'Ignorant Foreigners' is written from a more enlightened standpoint. Baynes gave an illustrated lecture on birds to a colony of poor Italians, with the result that the worst offender in the audience came forward to volunteer a promise never again to kill a bird. Baynes realized that it is useless to blame such men for carrying on their native tradition, and that the reasons why it is wrong to do so must be explained to them. It is safe to state that were Baynes's example followed by some of the 'hundred-per-cent' Americans among whom the foreigners live, there would be left little cause of complaint. Baynes's short article on 'The Small Boy' is equally broad and illuminating.

The press notices of 'Wild Bird Guests' were enthusiastic, and the author received letters which gave him great pleasure. Dr. Frank M. Chapman commended the book to all who would have both bird guests and bird tenants; whilst

Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, wrote to congratulate him on 'the wonderful progress he was making, through his writings and through his lectures, in inspiring the love of bird life.' John Burroughs sent appreciative messages, and John B. Burnham, President of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association, proffered a testimonial in which he recalled Baynes's 'uncanny power of drawing birds from the skies, to light on a rifle barrel, or to take food from his lips.' The Nebraska Audubon Society wrote: 'The book has been the inspiration for the reorganization of our State Society, and we have advertised it extensively for the past two weeks. I cannot speak too highly of it. I think we have dreamed of such a book, and hoped for it, those of us who have labored for the birds and their protection. . . .' The Game Commission, Seattle, Washington, summed up their appreciation in this pregnant sentence: 'Every sportsman should know the contents of this volume, for it will make a better man of him.'

Baynes was much amused by a jubilant letter of thanks from his old housekeeper for her presen-

"RIVERBY"
WEST PARK-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y.

Nov 5,

Dear Mr. Baynes,

I have read
your book with real interest.
It is a valuable contribution
to our bird literature. I
think the public will take to
it. You know at first hand
what you are talking about.
The fresh natural history
of the first part of the vol-
ume I found especially
interesting. With many
thanks & good wishes I am
Always Sincerely Yours
John Burroughs

tation copy. She had just given her little boy a book of Bible stories for his birthday. 'Well, it was o.k. until that bird book came, and then — good-bye, old Bible.' On the other hand, the author was reminded of the fact that it is impossible to please every one by the receipt of a testy letter denouncing his 'sweepingly unjust condemnation of the red squirrel.'

'Wild Bird Guests' greatly enhanced Baynes's reputation as a naturalist, and his services as a lecturer were sought more and more. In January, 1916, he aroused Vassar College to enthusiastic activity in the work of local bird conservation. Later he wrote: 'Until recently the colleges, as such, have stood aloof from the movement, but now they are beginning to be interested. Vassar has a well-organized bird club, backed heart and soul by President McCracken and his faculty. The old Wake Robin Club has taken up the good work, and has wisely changed its name to the Vassar Wake Robin Club, that the world may know that Vassar College stands for bird conservation. The spirit with which Vassar entered the field was at once apparent when the writer visited the college last winter. The work assigned

to the College Press Club that day consisted of gathering data for articles and editorials on the protection of birds, and to this end Professor Burgess Johnson of the English Department interviewed the writer on the subject, while his students took notes which have since appeared in various forms in "The Vassar Miscellany Weekly" and elsewhere. Later the same day an illustrated lecture was given for the whole college, and later still President McCracken arranged to have the writer confer with the members of the senior class. Vassar Campus is now a declared bird sanctuary, and upwards of a hundred nest boxes have been erected there this spring. There is reason to believe that Wellesley and Mount Holyoke Colleges will fall in line within a year, and if they do, no women's college will be considered up-to-date unless it has an active bird club.'

In his article, 'The Bird Club Movement,' Baynes relates one of his experiences, singled out, not because it was unusual, but because it was typical of the interest engendered through his lectures. 'Last winter I visited many towns where people were giving careful thought to the

feeding of the birds. Davenport, Iowa, is as good an example as any. I arrived in Davenport in a blizzard, but such was the enthusiasm of the bird lovers that I was taken from house to house that I might see for myself the success that was attending the efforts being made to befriend the feathered guests. At almost every house I was invited to join a family group drawn up at the window to watch the antics of the bird neighbors who gathered to enjoy the feast provided for them. And practically every child, parent, and grandparent in those families was taking a keen personal interest in the behavior of wary bluejays and woodpeckers, acrobatic nuthatches and chickadees, jaunty tufted titmice and cardinals, and many others who came to the food-tray or window-box, singly or in flocks, each for what he liked best — suet, peanuts, corn, bird seed, or doughnuts.' On the other hand, it is interesting to read the remarks concerning Baynes himself, which were always full of appreciation. One journalist went to the length of reporting: 'People in Kentucky are crazy about him. We are all building bird houses and making bird baths.'

Having witnessed the extraordinary results that had followed the performance of 'Sanctuary,' Baynes would have liked to see the masque played in every town and village in the land. With this idea in mind, he put the matter before Mr. H. P. Harrison, Manager of the Redpath Chautauqua Circuit, with the result that 'Sanctuary' was placed on the Southern Circuit during the spring and summer of 1916. No sooner had the project become known than Baynes received scores of approving letters from bird lovers. President Wilson wrote; also Mr. Roosevelt; and John Burroughs expressed the wish that he were younger so that he might enlist in the same cause.

The first performance was given at Jacksonville, Florida, on April 26. Baynes was the only member of the original cast, taking his old part of Shy, the Naturalist. A delightful account of the performance is preserved in a letter written by him the following morning, from Waycross, Georgia, to Percy MacKaye:

"'Sanctuary' was presented in Jacksonville last evening before a huge tentful of people, and it was not half bad for a first night. Many improvements can be made, and they will be made

as soon as possible. This was the programme for the day — at three P.M. I gave a lecture on bird protection, in the course of which I spoke of the Meriden Bird Club, and of the masque which was written for the dedication of the bird sanctuary. Incidentally, I organized a bird club at the end of the lecture.

‘At eight P.M. I spoke for five minutes in explanation of a motion picture reel illustrating the destruction of the egret by plume hunters. Then followed the reading of your prologue by a young man named Vernon Beatty, who takes the part of Alwyn in the masque. He read it very well. Then the curtain went up to Rachmaninoff’s *Barcarolle*, rendered by a good little orchestra — violin, ’cello, and piano. The scene revealed was a dimly moonlit woodland, faintly misty, and behind and between the distant trees clouds floated across the sky. The hooting of an owl (Baynes) is heard from the depths of a wood. Presently the orchestra shifts to Grieg’s *Birdling*, the sky begins to redden, and the voice of a whippoorwill (Baynes) awakens a faun, whose shadow is seen as he yawns and stretches himself among the trees. Then comes an unique and

really wonderful effect as the birds begin to waken. The orchestra, in the increasing light, plays Grieg's *In the Morning*, and into this music blends the real voice of a nightingale, to which is presently added the even sweeter notes of a thrush. The orchestra music dies away, leaving the woodland to the birds. Another nightingale, and still another, add their voices to the chorus, until the dawn-lighted woodland is ringing with song. . . . We had four phonographs going at once at last night's show. Of course they are hidden, and switched on and off as the moods of the woodland change. It is one of the most delightful stage effects I have ever known.'

The actors and actresses he then proceeds to criticize with kindly discrimination. 'Miss Katharine Brown is a serious, earnest woman, whose heart is in the work, without a trace of false pride, or selfishness. I doubt if she has averaged four hours of sleep during the past week of preparation, and one night she had but two. Incidentally, the rest of us have been working until three or four in the morning, rehearsing, trying out lighting effects, etc. . . . As for myself, I speak my lines much as I did of yore, but under kindly coaching

by Miss Brown and Vivian, I think I have improved somewhat in my gestures and business.'

Starting in Florida, the company toured through the States of Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. In some respects the progress of 'Sanctuary' resembled an evangelical revival. Baynes aroused the emotions, but — unlike the revivalists — harnessed them to constructive action. There was no sinners' bench at the performances of 'Sanctuary'; nevertheless, the 'conversions' were numerous, and more than one hunter volunteered the promise never again to shoot a bird. At one hundred and twenty towns the masque was played, and at each Baynes delivered a lecture on the work of the Meriden Bird Club, and afterwards organized a bird club, except in the case of seven towns where clubs already existed, and of these five were reorganized. At the close of a lecture at New Albany, the people from the neighboring town of Jeffersonville arose and demanded that a bird club be formed for their town. It was accordingly organized, and 'taken home in their pockets.' Thus one hundred and fourteen

new bird clubs were organized, and many of them joined the National Association of Audubon Societies. The tour ended at Chicago on September 11, 1916.

In 1912, Baynes had written: 'I believe that this (the work of the Meriden Bird Club) is the beginning of a great campaign for the birds — a campaign which, while bringing immediate good results, is destined to outlive all those who now take part in it.' Nevertheless, confident as he was, he could scarcely have anticipated being able to make, in less than four years, a report such as the following:

'The organization of one hundred and fourteen bird clubs does not represent the full value of the bird conservation campaign conducted by the Redpath Chautauquas. It is estimated that during the twenty weeks' tour we reached considerably over two hundred thousand people, and as the bird masque was easily one of the two most popular features of the seven-day programme, it must have made a great impression. Hundreds of times during the tour people came behind the curtain to thank us, and to volunteer the promise never to shoot another bird or wear another

feather. Besides this, over four thousand children between Jacksonville and Chicago took an active part in the finale of the masque. These children, about thirty-six in each town, were trained by special women instructors sent on several days ahead. In groups of six, and garbed to represent birds of different species, these boys and girls tripped merrily onto the stage to share in the general rejoicing over the conversion of Stark, the plume hunter. That many of the youngsters caught something of the spirit of bird protection was very evident. It is safe to say that few of them will ever forget the occasion, and some of them at least were deeply impressed.

‘The result of the campaign may be taken as a complete proof of the correctness of Percy MacKaye’s theory that the stage may be made to perform valuable service to the cause of wild bird conservation — a theory which four years ago was laughed at by a number of the leading conservationists in this country.’

Such is the story of one of the most effective blows ever struck for wild bird conservation. The press notices in each town had run to one, two, or even three columns in length. Baynes

was loaded with tokens of friendly approval. He had every reason to feel gratified at the result of his labors. But for twenty weeks he had traveled, acted, lectured, and organized bird clubs. In addition he was always performing little services for the members of the cast, helping them with their luggage, or cheering them on their way. They had, one and all, become very fond of him. On him, however, had rested the lion's share of the work and the responsibility. Meals, too, had been irregular, sometimes hasty, not always appetizing. One of the dangers in the possessing of great vigor and physical strength is that the possessor rarely knows when he has overtaxed his powers. So it was with Baynes. The strain of that twenty weeks, though borne as only an athlete could have borne it, had in reality been too great, and to those closest to him it seemed to have left permanent traces.

However, the years of the bird club movement constituted one of the happiest periods of Baynes's life. He was peculiarly fitted for the work. His message appealed to the best side of human nature, and the response was always immediate and generous. Time after time he wit-

nessed the attitude of a whole town 'change from one of utter indifference to birds, to one of enthusiastic interest in them.' His zeal never flagged, for he drew his inspiration, not from the tortuous ways of men, but from the sweet sources of nature. To a considerable extent he realized his ambition to spread a network of bird clubs over the United States, and he lived to see the old thoughtless cruelty gradually being replaced by the intelligent interest in wild life which is widespread to-day. He could justly rejoice in his share of the work to bring about the modern attitude toward birds and bird conservation.

CHAPTER IX

A TRIP ABROAD

WHEN Baynes returned home from his long campaign for the birds in the fall of 1916, he went, not to Sunset Ridge, but to the Shinn House, Plainfield, New Hampshire, which he had rented. The house had been built by Everett Shinn, the artist, and within a short distance were the homes of many friends, such as Percy MacKaye, Herbert Adams, the sculptor, William Hart, and Louis Evan Shipman, the playwright. Near by, and also a part of the famous Cornish colony, lay Prospect Farm which Baynes had bought, and at which he hoped some day to live. It contained one hundred and eighty acres, which he hoped to convert into a bird sanctuary. He looked forward to the time when he could give up the arduous work of a lecturer, and devote himself to writing. With this in view he installed a water supply, and built foundations on a beautiful site, to which he planned to move the old farmhouse. But the project never matured.

The outbreak of war with Germany found

Baynes straining every nerve to get over to fight, and when Colonel Roosevelt's offer to the Government became known, he at once volunteered. Though his efforts were unsuccessful, he was able to render signal service at home, and gave freely of his time and talents without accepting remuneration. He delivered lectures at soldiers' camps and other places, to aid the Red Cross and raise funds for relief work.

During the summer of 1917 he went to Boston, to direct the publicity organization of Percy MacKaye's masque, 'Caliban' (produced at the Harvard Stadium), and there he devised several admirable plans, which he executed with ingenuity and thoroughness.

In April, 1918, a proposal was discussed by the Red Star Animal Relief to send him to France in the interest of animals used by the American forces, but it came to nothing, although Roosevelt had sent a strong recommendation of Baynes as a man 'of the highest reputation in all forms of work for the care of animal life.'

In the fall of 1918, Baynes added to his repertory a lecture on the work done by animals in the war. It was illustrated by lantern slides obtained

from the French, Belgian, and American Governments. He first gave it at Stamford, Connecticut, under the auspices of his friend, Miss Helen Woodruff Smith, and subsequently in other places. It was received enthusiastically, but the materials for the lecture were not first-hand, and he was determined to go to Europe, in order to see for himself the places where the war animals had worked and died, and to accumulate materials for a book that would serve as a permanent memorial to their gallantry. Other difficulties having been removed through the conclusion of hostilities, the expense alone deterred him, and this problem was solved by the generous support of Mrs. Ezra Ripley Thayer, who, on hearing of the project, without a moment's hesitation advanced funds. Baynes's proposal to pay off the indebtedness from the royalties that would accrue from the sale of the book was declined. When two generous persons meet, bargains are treated with scant ceremony. The statement that he went as representative of 'Harper's,' which appears in the first edition of 'Animal Heroes of the Great War,' is erroneous, for though he had agreed to write articles for 'Harper's,' and was

still an Honorary Secretary of the Red Star Animal Relief, he received financial support from neither source. The project was his own, and he carried it out in his own way.

Baynes left New York in the Baltic on Saturday, February 15, 1919, and the voyage was marked by several small personal catastrophes. The first was the loss of his black leather writing-case, which he left on the dock. Fortunately it turned up later, as he had attached a label with his name. On Tuesday the wind tore his tam-o'-shanter off his head and bore it into the ocean, but, as he wrote, it did not seem worth while going after it. The following day he spilled a bottle of ink over his coat, his only coat. After many washings he succeeded in removing the ink, but also much of the color from one side of the coat. The problem was shelved for the moment, since he had taken the triple typhoid serum inoculation and was obliged to obey doctor's orders to stay in bed. The next day he took the coat to the tailor, and waited while it was being pressed. But no miracle happened; the washed side was still conspicuously lighter. So he brought it back to his stateroom and set patiently to work

with lead pencils, with the happy result that the coat resumed its original color.

The occasional companionship of two fellow passengers, Sir Arthur Pearson, the blind philanthropist, and Mr. Vernon Harrison, brother of the Manager of the Redpath Chautauqua Circuit, helped to brighten the voyage, and Baynes kept himself in training by walking and running. As always, he kept a diary. As he neared Liverpool he wrote home, 'I am enjoying the voyage, but the food is getting very monotonous, and I'd give all three meals for one in our little room.' It was just forty years since he had last seen Liverpool, but it does not seem to have occurred to him to set down any pious reflections on the passing of the years.

Baynes spent March and the greater part of April in England, collecting data and visiting various centers of activity for animals. 'The English officers are doing all they can for me,' he writes, 'they have shown every confidence in me.' On April 6 he ordered a new gray suit, having up to then been wearing the old suit he left New York in. April 20 finds him at Victoria Station, bound for Paris, but without writing-

case and umbrella. However, Ted Rudge, who had been his faithful companion and helper during the days in England, raced back in the taxi and fetched them. At Boulogne Harbor some wild duck and a flock of geese rose ahead of the boat, and flapped away northwards. At Amiens he saw the first signs of war devastation, the railway station having been bombed.

Arrived in Paris, Baynes lost no time in seeking General Pershing's headquarters to present his letters of introduction. 'General Pershing is living in a lovely old château,' he wrote. 'There is a beautiful garden at the back with a high wall about it, and with great old trees and very green grass between. I had been looking at this garden through the long windows of the reception room, and was standing reading a book on famous French women which happened to be lying on the mantelpiece, when I heard the door open, and turned expecting to see the Colonel with news. It was General Pershing himself. He was good to look upon — tall and straight, and much younger in appearance than most of his photographs. And he was smiling and speaking in a very friendly way. We sat down and had a delightful talk

about army animals, Roosevelt, etc. He told me that he had been a cavalryman up to the time he became a Brigadier-General, and that he was very fond of animals. He spoke very highly of Roosevelt, and specially mentioned his book on the birds of the White House grounds. . . . I am to be taken on a week's automobile tour all over the battlefields, and shown everything in the American sector. I shall also be given a chance to visit the French and British fronts.'

On the 6th of May Mr. Baynes started in a Cadillac-8, accompanied by Major Caldwell, and driven by the best military chauffeur in France. It had at first been arranged to send him with three congressmen; his objections were so strong that the Colonel in charge of the arrangements relented. From the first stopping-place, Châlons-sur-Marne, he writes: 'Photographs give very little idea of the devastation. It just brings the tears to your eyes to see what were once beautiful towns and villages, smashed all to pieces, and often entirely deserted by the now homeless families. Sometimes you see old people living in one room of a house which has not been utterly destroyed. . . . The first ruined town we came to was Lucy-

le-Bocage, the point from which the American marines started their attack on Belleau Wood. The place was almost annihilated, nearly every house and barn having been blown to pieces. I walked into the ruins of the old church. The roof was gone, the walls were thrown this way and that, but it was an impressive sight to see the figure of Christ on the cross, hanging where it had always hung, just below one of the main arches.'

In Belleau Wood they found some German skeletons, 'and all about the flowers bloomed, as if there was not such a thing as war and strife. There lay a leg bone, already half hidden by purple hyacinths; there a helmet cut through by a piece of high-explosive shell, and in its shade a clump of violets. And just outside thousands of crimson-tipped daisies crowded about the ragged edges of the shell holes, as though asking one another what it was all about.' Baynes took a deep interest in Château-Thierry and in other places rendered glorious in American history. He visited Rheims Cathedral, and penetrated into Germany, where he passed four days, chiefly in the valleys of the Rhine and the Moselle. He returned to Paris on the night of May 13.

At the beginning of June, Baynes spent some days in Tours, where he inspected the American Remount, Veterinary, and Homing Pigeon services, and collected valuable data for his book. The officers were kind and helpful, and brought him to see a model Remount Depot and a Veterinary Hospital about fifty miles from Tours. The officer in charge of the depot proved to be an old Stamford acquaintance. One morning he arose early, in order to find time to visit the cathedral and that quaint part of the town lying around it. As he was following the old wall, built on the ancient Roman structure, he came to a narrow walled lane. As he was looking at a great gate, with the date 1613 in iron scroll-work above it, a small door at one side opened, and a sweet-faced, bearded gentleman, with a violin case in his hand, stepped out. 'I made him understand how much I admired the place, and he invited me in to see the garden and to meet his sisters, one of whom, he said, spoke English. He led me through the sunny garden and into the house, where he left me in a room hung with old portraits. Presently the sisters came in with him, and he bowed low and left. They showed me many beautiful books

and paintings, and told me about the old house with its Roman vaults below their cellars.

‘I asked them about a matter which has interested me — the belief of many French soldiers that Jeanne d’Arc came back and fought with them to save France at the Battle of the Marne. They were deeply interested, because Jeanne d’Arc herself had come to pray in their cathedral before going into battle, and the banner she carried had been made for her by the women of Tours. The ladies told me that it was not only that the French soldiers believed that Jeanne was fighting on their side; the German soldiers believed that she was fighting against them, and had lost courage at Verdun when it was reported one night that the flaming figure of the warrior maiden had been seen in the sky directly above the citadel. At the Marne the Germans had seen another vision. It was of a lady clothed in a long white robe, with a blue girdle about her waist. Her back was toward them, and with her hand she was waving them away from Paris. This figure was Our Lady of Lourdes, to whom devout Catholics pray for the sick and crippled. Early in the war the Germans had blasphemed and said,

“Our Lady of Lourdes will be kept busy mending all the bones we shall break in this war.” Later, when a gang of German prisoners were being led through the streets of Paris, they passed a shop where plaster saints are sold. Suddenly one of the Germans stopped as if he had been shot, and pointing to the white-robed, blue-girdled figure of Our Lady of Lourdes, exclaimed, “Look! The Lady we saw at the Marne!”

‘Then I told my hostesses what had given me my keen interest. One evening, after there had been some rioting in Paris and when there were many soldiers about, I was walking in a square and came upon a single trooper, sitting close to his horse and munching a roll of bread, and now and then giving a hand-out to the four-footed friend, who was playfully nibbling at his ear as if to keep him reminded. I stopped and gave the horse a lump of sugar from the little store Ted had given me, and finding that the soldier could speak English, I sat down and talked with him. He told me he had been at the first Battle of the Marne, and I asked him how it had been possible, when that great victorious German army was sweeping everything before it on its way to

Paris, for just a few French to rush out in front of it, and stop it and turn it back.

““But we were not few, Monsieur,” he answered.

““What do you mean?” I asked.

““Jeanne d’Arc and her army were with us,” he replied.

‘I was not prepared for this, and I must have smiled unconsciously. His face froze before me, and then he blurted out, half angrily:

““It is not to laugh, Monsieur. I saw them, thousands of them, as they passed through our lines and on before us. Jeanne d’Arc herself passed so close that the froth from her charger’s mouth fell upon my tunic, and the waving banner she carried grazed my casque. We all saw her — every French soldier in the Battle of the Marne knows that Jeanne d’Arc saved Paris.””

The middle of June found Baynes in Belgium. Here he sought out Lieutenant Joseph Scheppers, who had commanded the machine-gun company which with its ten dogs and their equipment visited the United States during the war. Through the kindness of this officer Baynes was enabled to visit Cardinal Mercier. ‘We arrived

in Malines,' he writes, 'a little before three, the hour fixed for the audience. When we got out of the train we could see where the German shells had shattered the thousands of panes of glass in the long station, and as we walked through the town, here was a house, there a whole block, wiped out by shells or by fire due to the bombardment. The opera house, a very ancient and wonderful structure, originally a palace built in the time of the Spanish occupation, was almost wholly destroyed.

'The Cardinal's palace is a rather plain white building, built on three sides of a quadrangle, with a garden within. We rang an ancient and loud-clanging bell, and if there had been any one dead in that house he would have jumped up quick to see what was the matter. All the very old houses have these bells. They are thought a great deal of, and when the Germans were here, the bells were buried, or otherwise hidden, that they might not be stolen. A very straight manservant, in a very dark blue coat and black trousers, opened the door, and led us along a tiled hall to the room whose window I have shown in my diagram. It was very simply



LE GRAND HÔTEL
BRUXELLES

Woods with
old trees & shrubbery

Flower garden
where some
chickens were
scratching and
pecking in a very
sacrilegious manner

Windows
of the
main
room
facing
the garden

Heavy door right on the street
where we stood & rang the bell.

We rang an ancient and loud-clanging bell, and if there had been anyone dead in that house he would have jumped up quick to see what was the matter. At the very old houses have these bells. They are thought a great deal of, and when the Germans were here the bells were buried or otherwise hidden, that they might not be stolen. A very straight man served in a very dark blue coat and black trousers opened the door and led us along a tiled hall to the ^{where windows} room, where I have drawn in my diagram. It was very simply furnished a round table with a cloth cover and some old substantial, upholstered chairs.

furnished — a round table with a cloth cover and some old substantial upholstered chairs. On the walls were some oil paintings of religious subjects, and an old lithograph representing a bird's-eye view of Rome. On the mantelpiece was a well-carved white marble figure of Christ on the Cross, and a gilt statuette of the Virgin and Child.

‘We waited for more than an hour before a black-robed young priest came in and announced that we were next. We followed him to the foot of a flight of stairs, red-carpeted, where another and older priest awaited us. “Just a few moments,” he said in French, and there we stood listening to pleasant voices which came from behind a closed door at the top of the stairs. Presently the door opened, and we mounted the stairs and were bidden to enter. I went in first and met a tall, thin, dark-robed man with the most heavenly smile I ever saw on a human face. I have heard of saintly faces, and here was one. There was nothing critical or austere about it; it was intensely human, full of kindness and sweetness, and yet the eyes were firm and fearless, and courageous as those of a great soldier.

Here was a man, a real one, and he stood out like a gold coin on top of a pile of lead ones. He advanced smilingly to greet Lieutenant Schepers, who was on my right. The latter took his extended right hand, dropped on one knee, and kissed the large blue stone in his ring. Then I was introduced and followed suit. His Eminence bade us be seated, and then for half an hour or more we had a most delightful friendly talk. Cardinal Mercier is, of course, one of the great world figures, but he is as simple in manner as a child. . . . I thought he must be tired, but he was in no hurry for us to go. He said, "I will show you what the Germans did to my house." He led us into a large audience hall, next to his study. The roof had been blown in by a shell. It had been repaired in order to keep the weather out, but the ceiling had not been replaced. There were holes in the walls and through the beautiful paneled doors. Before I left the Cardinal autographed a photograph of himself and gave it to me as a souvenir of my visit.'

On leaving the cardinal, they visited the cathedral, and 'after that my friend took me to his home, where I had tea with him and his sister

and father out under the wonderful old trees of the garden. We walked through the shrubbery and up to a quiet spot above the garden wall, where we sat listening to the chimes of the cathedral, whose tower we could see through the branches of a huge copper beech. Then we had dinner, and they told me of the coming of the Germans. Mademoiselle Scheppers and her mother (the latter happened to be ill yesterday) fled to England in the night, and remained there for more than two years. The son, my friend, was in the army, where he was wounded several times. The father alone was in Malines. Because of its size and magnificence his house was taken by the Germans for an officers' club. He was permitted to occupy two rooms. He had a great wine-cellar, and the Germans emptied it. They used to get drunk and hold revels until two or three o'clock in the morning. He had four hundred priceless hand-painted wine glasses, and in their drunken revels his 'guests' broke all but thirty. They stole fifteen of his most valuable paintings, and led their horses into the dining-room. Twice they turned him out into the street. One painting which they did not like they put

out in the garden and left in the rain. The pieces of sculpture in the garden they moved about and placed in ridiculous positions to annoy him, and his fine trees were marked for destruction, but were saved by the Armistice. . . .

‘To-morrow I am to take lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Brand Whitlock.’

Returning to Paris about the 20th June, Baynes decided that he would be ‘extravagant’ and go to a show, as he had not been to one for many months. And so ‘I blew myself to a grandstand ticket at Auteuil and saw the great steeplechases.’ It was the twenty-second of June, when the British horse, ‘Troytown,’ won the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, with a purse of a hundred thousand francs. ‘I should have been very happy over the victory,’ wrote Baynes, ‘had it not been that a very gallant French horse, Elvira III, whose muzzle had been at Troytown’s saddle-girth all the way, was badly hurt at the last water jump. Poor thing, it pulled up and limped off the course on three legs, holding out its left forefoot just like a dog that has been hurt. Much as I wanted the British horse to win, I was very much saddened over this, and I was

still more saddened in the last race when a horse fell at the big water jump just in front of the grandstand, never to get up again I am afraid. They are such glorious things, these thoroughbreds, and look so proud as they parade before a race, trained to the hour, with shiny coats, and carrying lightly their gayly clad jockeys. They are so keen and eager to be off, gallop so freely, jump so splendidly, stick to their work with such magnificent courage, that it simply brings the tears to your eyes to see one, all in an instant, become a wreck and a has-been.'

CHAPTER X

ADVENTURES IN THE ETERNAL CITY AND THE NEAR EAST

AFTER leaving France, Baynes spent several busy weeks in Italy, and some delightful pages of 'Animal Heroes' are devoted to the work of the Italian horses, mules, and donkeys. Everywhere he experienced the same kindness and desire to help that he had found in England, France, and Belgium: that a man meets his own reflection as he travels about the world, is a law that operated very happily for Harold Baynes. Had it not been that his life was dedicated to the high purpose of promoting animal welfare and alleviating suffering, he might well have published an entertaining book on his experiences in Europe. There is, perhaps, no place in the world more written about, and more difficult to write about, than Rome. Yet Baynes's original method of approaching the ancient landmarks lends to his rapid sketches a savor that is often lacking in the scholarly effort.

'The other evening, about sunset, I went to

the Colosseum, and was thrilled to find it a more magnificent and imposing structure than the photographs give any idea of. . . . The public is not allowed to go to the galleries, because the walls are crumbling in many places, and some of the arches have fallen in. But I simply had to see that arena as the old Romans saw it; so when it was dark enough I scaled the tall, spiked barriers — I should say they were fifteen feet high — felt my way up the crumbling stairs, and finally came out high upon the top of a grass-grown arch, from which I could look down on the whole Colosseum. It was rather dark at first, but presently the moon appeared, and the effect was wonderful. I lay there until nearly midnight, imagining that I heard the roaring of the caged animals below the arena, watching the gladiators come out and examine their swords before the fight, and listening to the excited cries of the Roman populace gathered to witness a spectacle.

‘And last night I had an adventure quite as thrilling. I went to the Forum, which is down in a valley below the Palatine Hill. There are fences around it, and it is open only in the day. I tried to get the custodians to let me in, but they

wouldn't think of it. So I waited until it was dusk, watched in the shadow of an old church until the coast was clear, then quickly climbed over the high spiked fence and I was inside. I never experienced such a thrilling sensation as I had, walking among those beautiful ruins, through shadowy groves of sweet-scented flowering shrubs, and out on to the great square of the Forum itself. Once I heard voices approaching, and I stood perfectly still in the shadow of a ruined arch. Two keepers passed within three feet of me, but never turned their heads. I was safe, for they were going home. So I stepped out of my retreat, walked around the angle of a wall — straight into the arms of a third and last keeper, with the keys of the gate in his hand. I think he was more surprised than I was, but he collected himself and said sternly in French, "Fermé." "Fermé?" I responded in utter surprise. Whoever would have supposed that the Forum could be "fermé"! When would it be open? To-morrow? Well, as I was right here I might as well walk around for a few minutes before going out. He looked doubtful, but I slipped him a lira, and his doubts cleared up. I might walk

around once, and then straight out. He went off in the gloom. I heard him unlock, and then lock, an iron gate, and he was gone. And the moon came out, and I was the only human being in the Forum. Oh, the shadows and the moon-lit pillars against the stars! And the tablets I found — two with beautiful bas-reliefs of a bull, a sheep and a pig, the pig with a girdle about him; all the figures wonderfully modeled and looking as if they had been done yesterday. . . . I stayed for hours.

‘My last day in Rome was a bad one. In the morning between breakfast and lunch, somewhere and somehow, I lost my black wallet, which had nearly one hundred dollars in money in it. Only the day before I had been wondering how I could get to Palestine and back on what I had left; now I am wondering even harder. Well, my fare is paid to Alexandria, and as for coming back, why, they say the swimming is good all the way. When I discovered my loss, I went to the Police Station to see if any one had found it and turned it in. There I had to face the very same bunch I had refused to tip when I went to get my passport viséd last week. Of course it

was nuts for them. And while I was trying to make the numbskulls understand Baynes's Perfect Mixture of English, French, and Italian, I dropped my glasses on the stone floor — with the usual result. Now I am on my third and last pair.'

However, the Providence that looks after men whose wives are far away had not deserted him. On leaving the police station Baynes met an old friend from Connecticut, who promptly loaned him the necessary funds. Thus relieved, he set out 'first class' for Brindisi, in a train replete with the discomforts of post-bellum Italy. There was no water in the so-called washroom, and the basin was thick with dust. In the morning, while the other passengers were trying to poison themselves at the lunch counter, Baynes dashed off and discovered a fountain where he removed the first layer of coal grime. That night he spent in great discomfort at Brindisi, as the Karlsbad had not arrived. John, the interpreter, explained that printed schedules were not to be relied on; in those days, just after the war, and before the Fascist rule, it appears that a ship went *when* it went — that was all. When at length

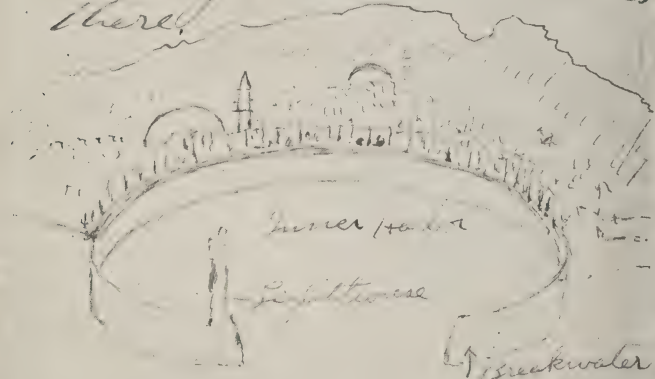
the ship started, on the second night after his arrival, the stars were shining and a young moon was in the sky.

The beauty of Corfu in the morning light, and the intense blue of the water, stirred his imagination, and he reveled in the color, and life, and movement ashore. Just outside the market he met a dog in trouble. 'He had a most uncomfy muzzle made of netted string, and was doing his best to remove it. I spoke to him, and he came trotting over to me, hopefully wriggling his stump of a tail. He was brindle in color, and of the large bulldog type. My knife was out, but on second thoughts I decided not to cut the muzzle. He was an intelligent dog, and I knew that all he needed was a little help. I untied one string and gave him a knowing look. Like a flash his paw came up and the muzzle lay on the ground. I'll swear that that dog looked up with a surprised and grateful look on his face, as much as to say, "By Jove, old man, that did work, didn't it? And you're all right—good-bye!" And away he trotted, no doubt to tell the other dogs how easy it is to get rid of a muzzle, with a little of the right sort of help.'

At length the ship's siren blew, and Baynes hurried down to the water, only to find that his boatman had disappeared. The man who brought him to the ship refused the handful of Italian coins offered in payment, and became excited and angry. At length, having been made to comprehend that there was nothing else for him, 'he took the money and with grand scorn flung it far out over the bay. For a moment there was a twinkling shower in the sunlight, a patter on the surface of the blue water, and then I guess the mermaids were scrambling for trinkets.'

The following day Baynes spent several hours ashore at Canea, on the Island of Candia. What impressed him more than mosque or minaret, more than the glorious mountains that backed the town, more, even, than the semi-Oriental life, was the liquid amethyst water of the inner harbor. They sailed away at sunset, Canea looking white behind that intensely blue water, and against the background of mountains, rising, range upon range, to the soft clouds above. 'But perhaps the loveliest touch was a little fleet of homeward bound fishing vessels entering the harbor, their long sharp-pointed sails aslant

14/ shore. the town has
a semi oriental appear-
ance, even from the
distance, imparted by
domed mosques and
minarets, for there are
many Mohammedans
there.



There is an inner harbor
protected by a stone break-
water, and from this there
appeared several strongly-made

like the wings of homing sea-birds.' One of his fellow passengers was a young Egyptian, a handsome, pleasant fellow, who had just graduated from Oxford. After fifteen years spent in acquiring an education, he was waking up to the realization that he had been taught theories and did not know enough to earn his own living. He wished to go to America to learn something practical.

Baynes spent a fortnight in Egypt before proceeding to Palestine. At Kantara he visited a huge remount depot, with a capacity of eight thousand horses and mules. He was given a horse and rode with Colonel Brocklehurst, who showed him every detail. He dined at the mess in the evening and was sent off in good time so as to get across the Suez Canal and catch the train. It proved to be an exciting drive. 'The Tommy who drove the trap lost his way, and we had to turn and go back. We were in the Desert and he had been telling me about the Bedouin Arabs — what a lawless lot they were and how they had stolen a lot of donkeys from the Remount Depot only the night before. All at once we heard wild yells in the moonlight, and could see

half a dozen men armed with spears running toward us behind a very thin fringe of trees. The Tommy said to me in a very scared voice, "Major, have you got anything with you?" (meaning a revolver). "They're Bedouins." The men were yelling at us to stop; so we stopped, as I did not wish to be fired at. But before they got through the trees, I shouted "Halt!" in a voice you could have heard for two miles. They halted all right, for they did not know whether I had a gun or not. "Who are you?" I called, and the answer was, "The Desert Police," and then an English voice said, "It's ququite all roight, Sir, but I didn't know 'oo you were." Then he came up, and behind him were five black men with long staves — the "spears" I had seen when they were running. We went along for a few minutes until we came to a little bridge. We were about to cross it, when a tall, turbaned figure, with rifle and fixed bayonet, arose above the sky-line, and the challenge rang out, "Halt! Who goes there?" "A friend!" answered the Tommy, and we went forward to be recognized. The sentry was one of His Majesty's Indian troops. Every little while these sentries kept popping up, show-

ing how perfectly the route was guarded. But when we reached the Suez Canal, the bridge had been raised for the night. By and by we found a ferry, woke up a lot of natives, and were taken across. To make a long story shorter, we reached the station to see the train standing there, and, grabbing my baggage, I made a dash and jumped on to it as it was moving out.'

At Jerusalem, Baynes was a guest at American Military Headquarters, and received courteous help from Sir Harry Watson, in command of British troops in the district. After accumulating data, and marveling at a city whose inhabitants lived as they had done in the time of Christ, and whose principal street measured but eight or nine feet from wall to wall, he returned to Egypt. There, in terrific heat, he worked as if he had been at home, and was punished with 'a touch o' sun.' At Cairo he visited the hospital of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. 'There I saw many patients, horses, mules, donkeys, oxen, etc., which had been arrested by the agents of the society. In Egypt they arrest the animal, and put him in hospital until he is fit to work. The owner has to pay the board. It

is done in this way, because most of the cruelty is not from "cussedness," but the result of the dense ignorance of owners and drivers. They have no idea of the amount of work an animal should be allowed to perform. They make him do all he can do every day. I have seen eighteen people being drawn on a four-wheel wagon by one skinny little mule, and fifteen behind a poor little donkey. The secretary of the society told me that sometimes twenty-eight or thirty people will ride behind one small mule. I am going to write a few paragraphs on this for Dr. Stillman's "Humane Review," in the hope that some wealthy American may do something for the Cairo society, which is badly in needs of funds. As I looked at the poor old horses standing in nice clean stalls, and eating good food and taking a rest for the very first time in their lives, I wondered what was passing in their heads. If they have any idea of heaven, they must have thought they had arrived. What a cruel shame it is that any one is permitted to inflict so much suffering on creatures which spend their whole lives in serving their torturers. But the situation is simply hopeless; you simply can't get at the people. They

don't speak the same language, they haven't the same ideals, their religion, their tradition, their whole viewpoint, are entirely different from ours. That feeling of sympathy, that compassion for animals, which is the basis of our humane movement, those people have not got at all. The feeling of pity for an animal is something they do not understand. To them an animal is a machine for doing work, and they make it do just as much work as they can. They are too ignorant to realize that it would do more work in five years if they did not insist on its doing as much as possible every day. And this has been going on for thousands of years.'

Baynes left Egypt on the 21st of August, and the latter part of the fall found him at home at his accustomed work of lecturing and writing. Whilst occupied in accumulating data on the subject of the animals in the war, he had formed strong views as to the desirability of friendship between America and England. He uttered a plea for such friendliness in an address delivered at the Boston Public Library, November 2, 1919, and interjected his views into many of his lectures on the War Animals. His English birth had

nothing to do with the sentiment, for he was an American through and through. His speech, his thought, his loyalties, were all American. If such a thing were possible, it might be said that he left England as a son and returned there as a cousin. His good sense kept him from touching on the question from its political side, and from advocating entangling alliances, but he did feel, and stated, that 'in the years to come, if we need a powerful ally who can and will stand by us, on land and sea, for one year or a hundred years, to maintain law and order among men, we can look with confidence to that nation which fought in the great war from the first day to the last, which placed nine million men on all fronts, and whose matchless navy policed the world — our mother country, England.' Baynes showed more discrimination than many public men; looking with confidence for help in a righteous cause is a very different matter from an alliance which binds each party to accept the judgment of the other as to what may constitute a righteous cause.

During the year following his return, Baynes delivered his lecture, 'Our Animal Allies in the

World War,' in many parts of the country. For his old friend, the 'Woman's Home Companion,' he wrote of the part played by the dog, the horse, the camel, and the carrier pigeon; and he contributed articles to 'Harper's Magazine,' 'Youth's Companion,' 'St. Nicholas,' and other journals. It was not until the summer of 1924, however, owing to events that will be recorded in the next chapters, that he set about shaping his material into book form. After his death, some chapters were completed from his notes by his friends, Miss Belle R. Laverack, Mr. George I. Putnam, and the present writer, and the book was published in the fall of 1925 under the title of 'Animal Heroes of the Great War.' It stands as a noble testimony to the work and worth of the animals, and to the love, wisdom, and sympathy of their champion.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIGHT FOR TRUTH

It was not polite to cast men out of the Temple; yet during the nineteen hundred years that have intervened the act has not been criticized. Neither could it be called good manners in Harold Baynes to knock down a man for maltreating a horse; but the exigencies of the case seemed to call for an infringement of the strict rules of etiquette. It was not in Baynes to stand passively by while an animal was abused. It followed, therefore, that when he read of the cruelties of vivisection, his coat came off, and he stood squared for a fight. Nevertheless, before accepting invitations to join the anti-vivisectionists, he felt his native caution asserting itself. It warned him to look carefully into the question before committing himself. Experience, too, had taught him that preparation was more than half the battle, and he set himself to study all sides of the matter, in order that his attacks, when delivered, might prove effective against a practice which seemed to him unnecessary and cruel —

for as such it was represented in anti-vivisection literature.

It happened at this time, when Baynes was much stirred up and troubled, that he was invited by Professor William T. Sedgwick to lecture before the students of the Department of Biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Knowing Professor Sedgwick to be a man of wide information on matters pertaining to public health, Baynes consulted him on the subject then uppermost in his mind, and was directed to a work on animal experimentation. This led to the study of other books, such as 'Zoöphil Psychosis, A Modern Malady,' and 'Repressed Emotions,' both by Dr. Isador H. Coriat. As the result of this investigation, Baynes became convinced of two things: first, that anti-vivisection literature was untruthful and out of date; and, second, that modern experimentation was carried on in a scientific and humane spirit, and had already led to many remarkable discoveries in the care and cure of disease. He realized that, within the small circle of his own family, his little brother might not have been strangled to death by diphtheria, and

that he himself might not have fallen a victim to typhoid fever, had the knowledge afterwards obtained by means of animal experimentation been available. Baynes felt glad to think that he had not yielded to pressure and joined the anti-vivisectionists. 5

In December, 1918, the President of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society issued a 'call to arms,' virtually amounting to an order to boycott the Red Cross on the grounds that a grant had been made from Red Cross funds for purposes of animal experimentation, while a request for a donation for the Red Star Animal Relief had been refused. Baynes as an Honorary Secretary of the Red Star was asked whether his society had inspired the attack. This he indignantly denied, and at the same time expressed disapproval of the 'call to arms,' and of the anti-vivisection cause. A few days previously he had answered questions from Vassar students on the subject of animal experimentation, and his remarks on this, as well as on the Red Cross issue, were reported to the press. This seems to have been the first occasion on which his views on this subject were made public.

During the year following his return from Europe, Baynes noted with disquiet that the societies spreading anti-vivisection propaganda were daily growing more aggressive. In many states they were endeavoring to obtain the passage of laws restricting, or even prohibiting, the practice of animal experimentation. The time of great physicians and surgeons was frittered away in attendance on legislative committees. Reliable information in popular form was lamentably lacking. The uncomfortable feeling prevailed that perhaps kind Dr. Jekyll of the sick room might indeed be Mr. Hyde of the laboratory, and, with true human inconsistency, his patients subscribed large sums of money to prevent his obtaining those remedies for which they clamored when ill. It was clear to Baynes that the success of the anti-vivisectionists would result in the loss of those benefits that had accrued through modern medical research, and in the return of the plagues of the Middle Ages. He perceived that the men qualified to guide were disregarded, for it was argued that doctors were prejudiced and unreliable in the premises. Plainly support from the ranks of the laymen was needed.

When Baynes decided to give that support, he had nothing to gain and much to lose. His action was noble, but, viewed in the light of his character, inevitable. A man less honest with himself would have sidestepped the issue, on the ground that he had his living to make, and that he could not afford to lose his friends and his public. But Baynes was made of other stuff; he was honest through and through. He was such a man as Polonius defined:

‘To thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.’

Baynes, therefore, resumed the study of modern textbooks on animal experimentation and psychology. In addition, he visited the laboratories where experiments were carried on. And it is well to make it clear here that his investigations did not lead him to conclude that no suffering was inflicted. He found little, however, and he believed that the pain imposed on a few animals was insignificant in comparison with the relief from pain given to countless human beings, as well as to animals, by means of these experiments. In his mind the question was one of pro-

portion, and he held that history showed that no bodily sacrifice, whether of men or of animals, was too great, provided that a wide saving in life or in health resulted. Those who affirm that there is no suffering connected with animal experimentation only harm the cause they would serve. The term 'vivisection,' however, is a misnomer, for it means, literally, 'the cutting of living bodies.' Such a practice appears to form but a small proportion of experiment work, and when such operations are performed they can, as a rule, be rendered painless through the use of anæsthetics.

Baynes's first article took the form of a refutation of the statements made in a pamphlet which had just been issued by the New York Anti-Vivisection Society. This pamphlet was entitled, 'Medical Opinions About Vivisection,' and contained sixty-three pages purporting to set forth the opinions of over two hundred and fifty medical men 'of the highest intelligence and honor.' What these opinions really amounted to is summed up by Baynes, who had unearthed the records with amazing and amusing results. The difficulty now was to find a publisher willing to

share the unpopularity that would be meted out to those courageous enough to oppose and expose the anti-vivisection case. For the anti-vivisection societies were powerfully entrenched behind an ignorant public opinion. Editor after editor refused the article. In February, 1921, the 'Atlantic Monthly' declined it on the ground that the subject would not be 'appropriate' for its pages. However, a leader was at length found in Miss Gertrude B. Lane, editor of the 'Woman's Home Companion,' who with more courage than the others published 'The Truth About Vivisection' in July, 1921. The article was probably the first published attempt on the part of a responsible layman to set forth the facts clearly and in popular form; it was certainly the first to bring the matter to an issue. It is logical, incisive, humorous and provocative, and exemplifies the thoroughness of Baynes's methods of investigation.

'Who are these eminent doctors?' he asks. 'The array of medical opinion certainly looks very formidable. The average reader would naturally exclaim, "Why, there must be some-

The Truth About Vivisection

By ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES



WAS not at all a student of vivisection, because I discovered that the hearts of many kindly, humane people were being wrung by sorrows of animals in the interest of unscrupulous scientists. I made a careful and thorough study of the subject, and I was struck with horror at the

statements made of wanton, even demonic cruelty on the part of the physicians, apparently of every day, and my life I have been a lover of animals, and my work has been chiefly along the line of caring for our dumb brothers and safeguarding their interests. Naturally, it was in the use such influence as I possess in protecting the animals I loved from any such needless and terrible torture as was described in these cruelties. If these statements were true, I, as a lover of animals, would be among the first to throw off my coat and work for its abolition.

I am going to take my readers along with me, my friends, and let them decide for themselves the merits of the case.

One of the circulars I came across in my researches, three pages, recently issued by the Royal Society, Against Vivisection, and claims to voice the sentiment of over 250 medical men "of the highest intelligence and honor." Of course, it is not possible for the signers to let us take, say, nine fairly representative ones. I will give

Edison, John, M. D., Author, "Philosophy of Human

The man of whom John Burroughs said, "He is a sane and accurate naturalist," the man of whom Theodore Roosevelt said, "He has the highest reputation in all forms of work for the care of animal life," the man who is known the country over as a lover of animals, has investigated the whole question of vivisection for the COMPANION. The result of his work is given in this

July, 1921



of the medical society or

mean by saying that only

of the medical fraternity were in

favor of vivisection.

The opponents of vivisection base their whole campaign on two propositions:—

1. That the cruelty of the vivisectionists is not only a disgrace to the medical profession, but a disgrace to the human race.

2. That the cruelty of the vivisectionists is not only a disgrace to the medical profession, but a disgrace to the human race.

HEADING OF ARTICLE IN THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

thing wrong about vivisection, or all those eminent doctors would not be so violently opposed to it." . . . I thought I would look into the records of these physicians, and also read exactly what they themselves had to say on the subject of vivisection.

'I found that Dr. John Elliotson was not an eminent physician; he was a mesmerist, and founded a mesmeric hospital. He was born one hundred and thirty years ago, and knew nothing whatever of modern methods.

'Dr. Charles Clay was born one hundred and twenty years ago, and knew nothing of modern methods. His specialties were geology and archæology.

'Dr. Edward Berdoe was born eighty-four years ago. He is the author of "Browning and the Christian Faith," "A Browning Primer," "The Browning Cyclopædia," "The Biographical and Historical Notes of Browning's Complete Works," etc., etc. However eminent Doctor Berdoe may be as a student of Browning, his fame is apparently not based on his achievements in medicine or surgery.

'Dr. Stephen Townsend reports himself as a

novelist, surgeon, and actor, on the stage for years, playing prominent rôles in "Sowing the Wind," "Slaves of the Ring," "Black Tulip," etc.

'Now we come to a really eminent surgeon — Dr. Lawson Tait. Tait was opposed to vivisection, but later changed his opinion. This recantation the circular did not allude to.

'Sir Charles Bell was a very eminent Scotch surgeon, born one hundred and forty-seven years ago. He died nearly eighty years ago. Had he been opposed to the vivisection of his day, when anæsthetics were unknown, it would not necessarily mean that he would have been opposed to modern vivisection, which is a totally different thing. It would be like quoting Christopher Columbus in an attempt to prove that modern ocean travel is slow, uncomfortable, and dangerous. But, as a matter of fact, Sir Charles Bell's fame is based on vivisection. He is chiefly known for his discovery of the distinct functions of the dorsal and ventral roots of spinal nerves, and for his study of the functions of certain other nerves. His final proofs were secured through experiments on animals, and it is difficult to under-

stand why his name was used as an opponent of vivisection.

‘Sir Frederick Treves is another of the famous men quoted in the circular. . . . I decided to look further into his statements, and I found in the London “Times,” of April 18th, 1902, the following statement by Sir Frederick Treves: “Those who are familiar with the controversial methods of the anti-vivisection party, will not be surprised that certain of my remarks have been cunningly isolated from the context, and have been used in advertisements, pamphlets, and speeches, to condemn all vivisection experiments as useless. The fallacy of vivisection can hardly be said to be established by the failure of a solitary series of operations dealing with one small branch of practical surgery. No one is more keenly aware than I am of the great benefits conferred on suffering humanity by certain researches carried out by means of vivisection.”

‘Now we come to the editors of “The Medical Times and Gazette,” and “The Edinburgh Report,” respectively.

‘The first of these journals was published in the “dark ages” of medicine, and was dead and buried

long before the birth of modern methods. The second I can find no trace of. No such journal is listed in the Index Catalogue of the library of the Surgeon-General's office in Washington. This is the most complete list in the world, and includes every medical journal of the least value.

'I went through the entire list, and found to my amazement that most of the testimony was of the same unconvincing character. . . . I found that the British Medical Association and the American Medical Association, as well as the American Association for the Advancement of Science, had passed, unanimously, strong resolutions in favor of vivisection.'

Through column after column Baynes pursued his relentless course. Having at length exposed the misstatements of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society's pamphlet, he proceeded to summarize some of the benefits resulting from animal experimentation. This, however, is a subject now so well understood, that it is unnecessary to quote from the article. A considerable literature exists, and pamphlets, which include a reprint of this and of subsequent articles by Baynes, can be had

from the Department of Health of New York City, from the American Association for Medical Progress, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City, and from other sources.

The unheralded appearance of Ernest Harold Baynes, well known as a champion of animals and birds, in support of the practice of animal experimentation, was dramatic. It was the cause of sincere satisfaction to the scientific world. It spread consternation among the anti-vivisectionists. The question was perforce dragged into the light, and attention was riveted upon it. The air became charged with threats and abuse, and the 'Woman's Home Companion' was bombarded with letters. The larger number of these letters were truculent, sorrowful, or questioning. Less in number, though greater far in weight, were those received from persons of unprejudiced intellect.

With a roar like the bulls of Bashan the Anti-Vivisection Societies sprang up to denounce author and publishers. Their method — for, with one accord, they pursued the same method — was ludicrous in the extreme. Making no attempt to answer the charges preferred against them, they adopted the 'tu quoque' tactics.

‘This article is most malicious and untruthful,’ read a postcard disseminated by the California Anti-Vivisection Society, ‘and should arouse every humanitarian. The writer is Ernest Harold Baynes, who poses as a lover of animals. Use your strongest words in writing to the editor, whom you might also inform that you will never again buy another copy of the magazine, and will advise your friends to do likewise.’ The same breathless incoherence characterized the New York Anti-Vivisection Society, which announced in a circular addressed to all friends of animals, that ‘one of the most reprehensible attacks on our literature has its place in the July “Woman’s Home Companion,” written by one Ernest Harold Baynes, who claims to be a humanitarian, going about the country lecturing to Humane Societies against cruelty to animals, yet at the last moment of his address delivering a strong defense of the most cruel practice in the world — vivisection.’ Having delivered herself of this peroration, the writer showed tact in dealing with her own potential share in the matter: ‘Permission has been asked by me to answer his glaring misrepresentation, but appearances indicate there is a general

scheme afoot to spread vivisectional teachings broadcast through those magazines appealing especially to women.'

Baynes was swamped with mail, much of it of an abusive and threatening nature. Having no secretary at the moment, he worked night and day to answer his correspondents, and through the ordeal he preserved an even temper, even under strong provocation, remembering always that he had 'no quarrel with the great body of anti-vivisectionists—gentle, warm-hearted lovers of animals.' Indeed he had nothing against them, except that 'they were over-credulous, too willing to have their hearts and their pocketbooks wrung by the leaders of the anti-vivisection movement. Some of these leaders, even, are not responsible for their pernicious activities. They are the victims of a form of mental disease well known to alienists as *zoöphil psychosis*, or love of animals carried to madness.' Nevertheless, for all his good temper and control, he was overdoing, and these weeks became like a nightmare. He felt himself on the verge of a nervous breakdown. For the moment life seemed to have changed in all its pleasant aspects. But a short time ago he had

been recognized as a lover of animals, a popular writer on nature subjects, a lecturer in demand. Now, in his fatigue, it seemed as if he were to be smothered under the threats and vindictive abuse. At length he determined to take a holiday, and accepted the invitation of his friend and staunch supporter, Dr. W. W. Keen, to visit him in Maine. The rest and change did Baynes much good, and he returned home refreshed by his host's kindly hospitality and sympathy.

In October, the 'Boston Sunday Herald' published an interview with Baynes, which was afterwards reprinted for distribution and materially helped the cause, and the November number of the 'Woman's Home Companion' contained a selection of the letters received after the publication of Baynes's article. Those from the antivivisection group stand out in painful contrast to the keenly reasoned letters from eminent doctors and from such men as Dr. Charles W. Eliot; Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture; F. A. Lucas, Director of the American Museum of Natural History; J. R. Mohler, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry; and from the Governors of States, including Governor Brown of New Hamp-

shire; from college presidents; and from public health officials. Dr. Frank M. Chapman expressed warm approval of the articles, whilst Mr. Austin Corbin voiced the sentiment of persons familiar with Baynes's record when he wrote: 'I have known Mr. Baynes for a good many years intimately, and I feel that on this subject, owing to his intense love for animals, he would not take the attitude he does unless he were firmly convinced that the opponents of vivisection were in the wrong. . . . I have had little opportunity to investigate conditions where vivisection was being carried on, and it is most gratifying to read the facts as discovered by Mr. Baynes. He is, besides being an ardent lover of animals, a man whose statements can be relied on as absolutely unprejudiced and accurate, and I consider that the public owes a debt of gratitude to him for writing the article and to you for publishing it.'

Almost overnight, Baynes had become the protagonist of animal experimentation. The threats, the malicious charges, the vindictive abuse but spurred him on, and he had no sooner recovered from his fatigue than he set about preparing a series of lectures. They were compiled

with care, and submitted to competent authorities for correction and criticism. The cause he had espoused became his principal activity, and during the year 1922 he traversed the country from Boston to San Diego, delivering lectures before medical, scientific, and philosophical societies, in churches, colleges, and schools, before women's clubs and distinguished private audiences. As a general rule, resolutions were passed after the lectures, favoring animal experimentation 'in the best interests of real humanity.'

The Anti-Vivisection Societies, for their part, were not idle. They denounced Baynes in no uncertain terms, and put forward debaters in the hope of silencing him. Baynes met some of them, to their discomfiture. He was thoroughly well grounded in his facts, possessed an excellent memory, with a fine fund of humor. One of his opponents, an English doctor, stated in anti-vivisection literature to be a 'great authority,' went down to a defeat so complete in California, that projected legislation against animal experimentation in that State was shortly afterwards voted down by a larger majority than it had ever before commanded.

During these years Baynes lost no opportunity of acquiring additional knowledge, and he paid many visits to laboratories. One of his letters, written in February, 1922, gives an interesting account of his activities: 'I have just spent three wonderful days in Rochester, Minnesota, where I was the guest of Dr. William J. Mayo. I met a number of big men, all of whom knew me and greeted me with warmth as the champion of scientific medicine. I was shown everything, and given every opportunity. For example, I went to see Dr. W. J. Mayo perform two major operations. Many doctors were there to see him, but I was the only visitor allowed to stand right at the operating table; the others sat off in the theater. . . . Dr. Mayo told me that he had performed over fifteen thousand abdominal operations alone. I also saw many experiments on animals. One had quite a funny ending — funny to me at least. A dog had nothing to do but lie perfectly still for some hours and breathe into a tube. The slightest muscular movement destroys the value of the experiment. This dog is very fond of one of the men. After he had been lying there for two hours, the man he loved walked down the hall outside

the laboratory. The dog recognized the footstep, wagged his tail, and they had to begin all over again. I got a number of photographs and other interesting material for my vivisection lecture, and lantern slides are being made for me. My lectures were a great success. I gave one to the townspeople, and Dr. Charles introduced me. That was in the afternoon, and in the evening I spoke to the doctors and their families. I had several opportunities for long talks with Dr. Will Mayo, who is a big, broad-minded man in every way. He has been "in surgery" ever since he was a little boy, when he would go out into the country with his father at night, and, standing on a box in some house, he would hold a candle while his father operated.'

Another interesting letter, written a couple of years later, tells of a visit to Dr. L. B. Mendel at the Sheffield Scientific School. Like many of his letters, this one was written on the train. 'I have had a great day with Mendel of Yale. He is a very big man, with fine imagination and breadth of vision. He sees animal experimentation, not simply as a means of bringing relief to sick people, but as a factor in helping men and animals, both

in health and sickness, and in almost limitless ways. Every diver who goes to great depths; every airman who ascends to great heights; the men who are overcome by deadly gas in their garages; the thousands of children who suffer from thyroid trouble in the goitre belt; the thousands who are undernourished because their parents know nothing about food values; the hogs that suffer from lack of iodine in the soil; all look for relief to methods developed through animal experimentation. I saw and played with some of his dogs — most of them happy, a few of them suffering from the lack of certain elements in their food. Mendel and his associates have worked out an ideal dog food, containing everything a dog needs. If they leave out one ingredient, the dog does not thrive — unless they give him that ingredient in some other way, such as in the form of a pill, perhaps; then he is all right. . . .’

In July, 1923, ‘Vivisection and Modern Miracles,’ from Baynes’s pen, appeared in ‘The Outlook.’ It was followed by ‘Vivisection and Animal Welfare’ in the ‘World’s Work’ for August, and by ‘Which Shall Live — Men or Animals?’ in

'Hygeia' for October, and, the following July, by 'Your Child's Life, or the Dumb Animal's?' in the 'Pittsburgh Post.' Written in spirited, popular form, each article revealed some of the wonders of modern scientific discovery, through animal experimentation, of the methods of preventing disease and prolonging life. The work Baynes was doing was helped by the newspapers, which, with few exceptions, commented freely and favorably. The 'New York Times' and the 'Boston Evening Transcript,' in particular, contained frequent notices of his work, the 'Christian Science Monitor' apparently being the only important journal in opposition. The innate truth of the cause, Baynes's genius in presenting facts, and his dogged perseverance in the face of bitter opposition, had won over the great part of the thinking element in the country.

In the fight to save the bison, Baynes had seen how little a man can accomplish alone, and had proposed the formation of the American Bison Society. In the fight for the birds he had multiplied himself by means of bird clubs. Now, in this greater fight to save lives and alleviate suffering, he again perceived the necessity for organ-

ization. He became instrumental, therefore, in organizing in the fall of 1923 the society known first as the Friends of Medical Progress, with headquarters in Boston, and afterwards incorporated as the American Association for Medical Progress, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Dr. Charles W. Eliot became its Honorary President, and among its Vice-Presidents were numbered Cardinal O'Connell, the Episcopal Bishop of Pittsburgh, and Hon. Charles E. Hughes (whose son owed his life to Dr. Flexner's discovery, by means of animal experimentation, of an antitoxin for cerebro-spinal meningitis). Baynes became Field Secretary, and it was through his experience and energy that the society was brought through the dangerous early period, and launched as an active, functioning body, equipped to spread the truth concerning animal experimentation, to combat propaganda against the application of medical knowledge, and otherwise to advance the cause of medicine and surgery.

So Baynes worked, heart and soul, for the cause he had espoused, and even as the darkness was fast falling he still strove. Six weeks before

his death he invited Mr. W. K. Horton, President of the American Humane Association, to write the preface to the book on which he was spending much of his remaining strength, 'The Anti-Vivisection Hoax.' He felt that nothing could give greater impetus to the cause than the endorsement of a man of official position so high in the humanitarian world. Mr. Horton, however, replied that to comply with the request would be entirely contrary to the principles for which the American Humane Association was founded and is perpetuated, and also wholly at variance with his own personal views and feelings. Baynes had already had an inkling of what the reply would be, and before its actual receipt he had written to the General Manager of the 'National Humane Review,' Mr. Sydney H. Coleman, as follows: 'I believe there will come a day, and not so very far ahead of us either, when the big humane men will wish that they had deemed it, not expedient, perhaps, but wise and right, to stand steadily and uphold the truth in the face of the snarling and snapping pack, even when the latter guard the purse-strings. Anybody can do the other thing, and most people take the line of least resistance.'

If you ignore the benefits accruing to humanity through animal experimentation, you must know that through no other means known to man are so many animals spared discomfort, pain, and death. This is not a matter of opinion or guesswork, but one thoroughly known and recognized by the Government of these United States, and no permanent good can come from concealing or camouflaging the truth. If I may be allowed to express an opinion, which has not been asked of me, I would say, no National Humane Association pledged, among other things, to the welfare of animals, can be performing its highest duty until it presents to the public, and endorses, that method which, more than any other, tends to relieve animals from suffering.'

That Baynes's motives were impugned goes without saying. They continued to be called in question even in the early days of mourning for his untimely death. One writer found that the reviewing of 'Animal Heroes' awakened in him 'an unwilling memory that Baynes, in his last years, earned a needed and precarious living by advocating the vivisection of the very animals whose piteous cause he once had championed.

One prefers to forget that,' he adds, with the strange hypocrisy of a man who trumpets what he 'prefers to forget' to the readers of a metropolitan weekly review. It must not be lost sight of, however, that this is the writer from whom the 'Woman's Home Companion' had declined to receive an article against animal experimentation on the ground that his already published articles were full of misleading and untrue statements and incredible anecdotes. His statement about Baynes is equally misleading and untrue, in so far as it may be taken to imply that Baynes was forced to advocate vivisection in order to earn his living. Nothing could be more mendacious. Baynes was in receipt of an income, not large, perhaps, but assured, from his work on nature subjects. He was obliged to relinquish much of this work, and necessarily of his income, when he took up the study of animal experimentation. When he publicly declared himself in favor of vivisection, many of his lecture engagements were canceled peremptorily. In humane matters, as in religious questions, every fool feels himself competent to lay down the law, and both these departments of life, the humane and the religious,

are largely influenced by charlatans and by persons who wield unwisely the power they derive from money. Every now and again a Martin Luther arises to shake their smugness. Such an one was Baynes.

It is an absurd quibble to mention that Baynes received remuneration for his work in the new field as if his doing so were indicative of mercenary motives. After all, from the President of the United States downwards, men receive money for their labors. In Baynes's case it was difficult to realize that he was a professional man, so indifferent was he to the reward, so enthusiastic about his subject. His needs were few, his life simple; he cared nothing for clothes, or for the things with which men surround themselves. It was not only during the war, when every one learnt to give, but during his whole life, that Baynes gave. He lectured without fee, when by so doing he could help a needy cause, or show gratitude for hospitality. That he should have had to accept any remuneration for his lectures in the cause of animal experimentation was a sore point with him, for he had entered the work from the noblest of motives, the desire to help his fellow creatures. Had he pos-

sessed a fortune, he would freely have dispensed it in such a cause. 'Everything which is in any way beautiful, is beautiful in itself, not having praise as part of itself,' quaintly remarks old Marcus Aurelius. And so it was with Baynes. His beauty of character needs no praise; to defend his motives, had they not been put in question by his detractors, would almost amount to an insult to his memory.

One passes with relief from the suspicions of men such as the writer of the 'unwilling' memory, to the generous appreciation of those who more worthily represent our race. Within six months of the time Baynes entered the lists as a defender of animal experimentation, he had won a tribute which appeared in the Boston 'Medical and Surgical Journal' for November 10, 1921, under the caption of 'A New Prophet.'

'Physicians practically alone have hitherto been the only active opponents of the anti-vivisectionists, and have been sorely tried by the ungracious and often bitter criticism presented. But every great cause sooner or later calls into action a great leader, and the study and constant labors of Dr. W. W. Keen exerted throughout the

country, and the work of our own committees on legislation, ably supported by Dr. Ernst, Dr. Cannon, and other teachers in our medical schools, are now augmented by a keen and virile mind in the person of Ernest Harold Baynes, a veritable knight-errant in the cause of mercy to the human race, now supplementing his lifelong devotion to animals. His enlistment in this contest brings comfort to our ranks, for his arguments, based on personal study and observation of actual conditions, are beyond logical refutation. His chivalry is not inspired by weak sentimentality, nor his devotion to this cause weakened by personal ambition, but rather spurred by a conviction as to the importance of the issues. Like all great leaders, he enters the arena with charity for all and malice toward none. Abandoning the easy path, he calmly meets the heckling of the bitterest critic. The profession of medicine should welcome him to the ranks of the defenders of human as well as of animal life, for the power of his argument, which cannot be assailed on the ground of personal advantage, will carry conviction to fair-minded persons. A new era has come. Scientific medicine is again vindicated. Human life will be

more secure. The efficiency of the human race will be enhanced.'

'As a lover of animals,' Baynes once cried in ringing tones, 'as an American citizen, I plead with the people to support sanity against insanity, honesty against dishonesty, truth against falsehood. I am fighting in a cause in which I am confident I shall have the people's support. But I tell you frankly that if I receive their unanimous hisses, I shall go right on fighting, for I know that I am right, and I know that I shall win.'

He has won. For the question of animal experimentation, first forced upon public notice by his courageous action, has emerged from the debatable stage. The press generally is closed to anti-vivisection propaganda. Even the 'Atlantic Monthly' now finds the subject 'appropriate' for its pages; Baynes showed how to stand the egg on the table. Many leaders in literature openly advocate humane experimentation. In short, people who have not freed themselves from belief in the myths Baynes sought to dissipate, cannot any longer lay claim to the possession of clear intelligence. There remain the anti-vivisection societies; but is the time far distant when public

opinion, perhaps expressing itself through legislation, will bring it about that the great financial resources of these organizations shall be directed into truly humane and constructive channels?

CHAPTER XII

SIDELIGHTS

DURING the twenty busy years that had passed since the quiet Stoneham days, Harold Baynes had not changed much in appearance. He was always alert, clean-shaven, and neatly dressed. His graying hair turned early to white, and formed a delightful setting for his weather-beaten, out-of-doors face. His eyebrows remained dark, and enhanced the effect of his deep-set blue eyes. Vigorous and swift in action, when resting he was the embodiment of repose. His hands were an index to his character — strong and quiet. It was impossible, one friend wrote after his death, to think of him without the association of a brisk breeze and plenty of sunshine. Another wrote of the unusual flavor of his personality, so gentle, so charming, and always so friendly and appreciative. When the New Canaan Bird Protection Society were casting the parts for 'Sanctuary,' they were baffled in the search for an actor to fill the part of Shy, the naturalist. At length it dawned upon them that they had been seeking a



AT THE SEASHORE

man like Baynes, but vainly — for Baynes was not a type. His photographs do not do him justice, in that they do not reproduce the light that kindled in his face when he spoke, nor the look of courage, and restraint, with which he faced and fought. His determined jaw bore a curious resemblance to Oliver Cromwell's in the London Museum death mask. Nor is it the only resemblance. Cromwell's hatred of baubles, for instance, could not have been more intense than Baynes's, nor his dislike of indirect methods.

In matters of principle Baynes would not deviate one hair's breadth from what he believed to be right. Insincerity he could not understand, or readily condone. He was deeply hurt on one occasion, when a letter came into his possession, written by a man who had been profuse in his expressions of friendship. The letter contained a contemptuous repudiation of Baynes in a certain matter involving fundamental literary ethics, which Baynes had called into question. Whatever may have been the writer's true opinion, it was evident he was not going to jeopardize his professional income. (And therein lay the contrast, for Baynes would never have repudiated a

friend, nor a principle, no matter how much he might gain by doing so.) When this man learnt that Baynes had the letter and intended to ask an explanation, he took pains to keep away. Baynes for his part bided his time, and carried the letter in his pocket for two years, until at length he met his former friend on the lawn of a building where a convention was to be held. Ignoring the outstretched hand, he drew the letter from his pocket, and presented it, with the question, 'Did you write that?'

The writer of the letter took it, walked over to a tree, slowly opened his penknife, and stabbed the paper to the trunk. Then for ten minutes he stood, gazing at his own composition, and making nervous gestures.

At length Baynes broke silence.

'Well, did you write that letter?' he demanded.

'I — I — suppose — I suppose I did.'

'Well, isn't that your handwriting? Isn't that your signature?'

The man admitted that it was. Then Baynes demanded an explanation, but the false friend walked away, confused and crestfallen, saying, 'I will answer later.'

No explanation was ever received, and the two men never met again.

Once when a matter involving the interests and rights of professional writers was under discussion in the office of the editor and high priest of a certain well-known journal, the great man's assistant drew Baynes aside with the remark,

'I would advise you to drop the whole thing.'

'Why?' inquired Baynes.

'Well, it would be policy for you to do so. In the next ten or fifteen years you would make more by dropping it than you would by pressing it.'

Baynes asked for further explanation.

'Well, in the first place,' replied the sub-editor, 'if you pressed it, the editor might not have so high an opinion of you as he has at present.'

'Ah,' replied Baynes, 'it seems to me just as important that I should have a high opinion of the editor as that he should have a high opinion of me. What do you think?'

In the same independent spirit Baynes replied to a Senator, who had written from the Senate, offering large, soft-shell pecan nuts at eighty cents a pound delivered:

‘DEAR SIR,

‘I have received your letter of October 2. No matter how much inclined I might be to buy pecan nuts, I certainly should not patronize any concern which showed the extremely bad taste to use the United States Senate as an advertising medium, and the Senate Office Building as its headquarters. It is such practices as this which bring our great public offices into disrepute at home and abroad, and make the men who fill them the laughing-stock of the world.’

Cruelty and injustice always moved Baynes deeply. ‘I do not pretend,’ he exclaimed dramatically on one occasion, as he was telling the story of the slaughter of the herons and the passenger pigeons, ‘I do not pretend to know God, as these women who wear upon their heads the plumes of slaughtered birds claim to know Him; but if I wore such emblems of heartless vandalism on my brow, I would not have the impudence to get down on my knees and ask any favors of Him!’ In 1910, a letter from Baynes appeared in the ‘New York Times,’ protesting against the ‘Chanticleer Bow,’ a novelty in women’s adornment

suggested by Rostand's play which was on sale in the department stores:

'I could hardly believe my eyes, and I looked again to make sure it was nothing less than the head of that world-famous songster, the European skylark.

“Hail to thee, blythe spirit,
(Bird thou never wert,)
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart.”

'Shelley's lines ran mockingly through my head, as I looked at that pathetic tiny bunch of brown feathers, with its staring glass eyes and its shrivelled bill — all that was left of the most joyous, joy-giving bird that ever sprinkled the air with its song. And the price of it, bow and all, was fifty cents. And for a tithe, then, of this paltry sum, there had been destroyed such beauty, such poetry, such joy, as could not be replaced by a syndicate of billionaires. . . .'

Baynes could be blunt and outspoken when occasion required, but that was not his way in dealing with the shams perpetrated by those who had gone astray in the struggle for daily bread. For instance, there was the case of a certain

nature photographer, whose work Baynes felt convinced was 'faked.' Asking him to call, Baynes drew a confession that some of the birds and animals in the photographs were stuffed specimens. He insisted that complete information should be given to each magazine which had bought photographs, and he urged the young man to use his skill in making true records of nature subjects. At the same time he wrote to the 'National Geographic Magazine,' and to others which had been taken in, asking them to accord generous treatment, so that the photographer might reestablish himself on an honest basis.

Baynes had an unusually large number of friends, as well as many a potential friend among his audiences. Formal society did not attract him, but the natural course of his life brought him frequently into gatherings of cultured men and women. Mr. Owen Wister has written that Baynes was 'quiet and diffident.' This might be qualified by adding that his diffidence disappeared the moment he realized that his presence was welcome, or when he warmed to his subject.

Wherever Baynes went, he was the children's

friend. At the household in Newbury Street he was the favorite guest, as he was at that home of other dear Boston friends to which he was accustomed to allude facetiously as 'The Lost Pond.' And then there was the Cleveland home, and the Chicago home, and many another American home, where he sat by the fireside in a circle of friends of all ages, and read aloud, or related animal stories.

Baynes's frank admiration went out to men of dynamic personality, such as the late Theodore Roosevelt. President Roosevelt he believed to have been the greatest factor in America in the matter of the preservation of bird and animal life. The good will was mutual, as has been demonstrated earlier in this record. The following lines came from Baynes's pen:

DEATH AND ROOSEVELT

He turned your lance, O Death,
Full often from its mark;
But he fought only in the day,
Nor dreamed you'd take the coward's way,
And stab him in the dark.

Were you afraid, O Death,
So brave the front he kept?

Dared you not face him in the light,
But crept upon him in the night,
And slew him as he slept!

When it has been stated that a man fought for the truth, that he would not deviate in matters of principle, that he was sincere, that he attacked lies and shams, it is scarcely necessary to add that he had enemies. But if a man is known by his friends, so also may he be known by his enemies. Baynes had every reason to be proud of the former; he had no reason, had he paused to analyze the matter, to regret the possession of the latter. For enemies must be measured in terms of a man's own character. On the other hand, to argue that Baynes possessed none of the faults of his qualities would be to dehumanize him, and to claim for him a character altogether perfect. Yet there are many, many friends almost willing to make such a claim, so deep the respect and affection they bore him. Had he been more sophisticated, more a 'man of the world,' he might not have fought so fiercely to uphold what he believed to be right; he might have compromised. But then he would not have been the same beloved Harold Baynes.

In addition to 'Animal Heroes,' which appeared after his death, Baynes published four books — 'Wild Bird Guests,' 'Jimmie,' 'Polaris,' and 'The Sprite'; and since they are not imaginative, but deal with the events of his life, all five books are biographical, and necessarily supplementary to any attempt to present a record of his work. As has been remarked in an earlier chapter, he wrote very much as he spoke. He did not practice style, or, if he did so, he did it with the art that conceals art, for his sentences are simple and spontaneous; there are no 'long words.' In the three animal books incident follows incident, and it seems to be the eye, rather than the imagination, which sees, so vivid is each picture. Many a story has been written in 'better English,' but to few has been accorded the tribute of that deep, long-drawn sigh with which the reader lays down one of the three animal classics, when the last sentence has regretfully been read. Sentimental people shed tears over 'The Sprite' and 'Polaris'; people with sentiments under control almost wish they could permit themselves the luxury of a tear. But in all three books, and especially 'Jimmie,' there are passages over which every

one laughs; for one of Baynes's gifts was the combination of the feeling for pathos with a sense of humor. It is a combination which produces true sentiment, which, in turn, is the touchstone of a certain permanent value in literature.

Baynes had hoped some day to write the story of Actæon, the fawn, of Romulus, the coyote, and of the two young buffaloes and their sister, 'Saucy.' Other volumes might have been filled with the adventures of Isaac, the turkey buzzard, of the boar, and of the lesser creatures who from time to time had made their home with him. All these pleasant plans were cast aside when Baynes entered the fight for medical progress.

Poetic feeling characterizes Baynes's writing. Only a poet at heart could have thrown this line into a nature article: 'I hear the joyous note of the bluebird, that fluttering fragment from the blue vault of heaven!' And his interjection on the American osprey is beautiful: 'Ah, how I love his wild free hunting call! Not even the soulful hymns of the wood thrush, rising calm from the bush of a summer evening, can stir my soul like this.' Some such man as Baynes must have been in the mind of Shelley when he wrote:

'Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.'

Baynes's hymns, however, were cast in modern forms, and the sympathy he did so much to stimulate shaped itself into bird sanctuaries and forest preserves.

Of Art, Baynes had a keen appreciation, and he characterized as one of the happiest of his life a day he spent at the National Museum at Washington among the exquisite old masters of the Ralph Cross Johnson and other collections. Baynes displayed a talent for acting when he appeared in a play given at The Tavern Club, Boston, in 1923. The play was written by Mark Twain. It was daringly amusing, and said to be historically correct. Baynes took the part of an old Elizabethan lady of rank, and donned a black velvet and orange brocade dress of the period, with lace ruffles, a becoming gray wig and diamond coronet, two gold necklaces and a turquoise bracelet. Paint, powder, and a fan completed the costume. He had but two lines to speak, but the

delivery was so perfect that he was besieged after the performance by fellow players and members of the audience who came to congratulate him on having made the hit of the evening.

It is difficult to choose from among the things accomplished in the course of a busy life, and say, 'These are the most important.' For as on the stage the most dramatic moment may be that in which no word is spoken, so on the larger stage some unrecorded act may produce momentous results. Perhaps the first choice, in point of time, would be the article, 'Instinct and Instruction,' which appeared in January, 1903, and led to the exposure of the nature fakers and to a more careful regard for the truth among writers of animal literature. Next comes the great fight for the buffaloes, and then those wonderful years devoted to work for the wild birds. His books stand, perhaps, as a record of the high-water mark of friendship between man and beast. Lastly, there was the struggle against the anti-vivisectionists. This was the hardest thing in his life; perhaps the greatest. The pity of it was that he should have been cut off in his prime. So much lay ahead; there was no limit, save the ultimate

limit of life itself, to the useful plans that might have been brought to fruition. As at length his strong frame began to feel the burden of the years, what an inspiration his mature experience and his encouragement would have proved to the younger workers in the field of nature study and conservation.

Harold Baynes was essentially virile — and ‘virile’ is a word that has retained its nobility through centuries which have tarnished words once equally fair. He was an example of a man with a healthy mind in a healthy body. Truth was the keynote of his character, and no one was ever more frank in his dealings. His devotion to animals did not betray him into sentimentality, and he walked with clear eye and firm step. When the twentieth century has slipped back into the soft mists of the past, and poets write of what our age has produced, surely the figure of Harold Baynes will stand forth as a noble and valiant knight!

CHAPTER XIII

THE LAST FIGHT

THE summer of 1924 was spent by Baynes at Bailey Island, Maine, where he walked, swam, rowed, and led his usual active life, varying such activities with writing, and an occasional lecture trip. It was not until his return to Meriden in the fall that the conviction forced itself upon him that the strong body which had served him so faithfully, was out of gear. In October he went to the Massachusetts General Hospital for examination. It proved so far from reassuring that a series of X-ray pictures was taken, but Baynes, always sanguine, was unwilling to accept the diagnosis as final. 'They think it is cancer of the stomach,' he wrote to his wife. 'I think they are wrong, and I have my reasons for thinking so, and they are not based on wishes either. This disease, whatever it is, has been running a long time. It has reached the painful stage. Were it cancer, there would probably be great loss of weight, and my weight is normal. I am not in the least bit rattled about it. I shall find out, if I can, just



CROYDON PEAK FROM SUNSET RIDGE

what's the matter, and then do what seems to be the wisest thing. . . . In the meantime, try to do one thing to please me — smile and be happy. At the very worst this matter would give us the opportunity to show that we are real people, not monkeys.'

The doctors were right, however, and a surgical examination revealed that the disease had spread to such an extent that a successful operation could not be performed. Baynes insisted upon knowing the entire truth, and met the verdict of his approaching death with a smile on his lips and calmly beating pulse. It was the doctors who were deeply moved as they told him that he could count on but a few more months of life — perhaps three, perhaps six; for they saw something shine forth, some beautiful, radiant spirit that seemed above and beyond anything that could be explained by the laws of physiology.

Baynes accepted the lower estimate as the more probable, and laid his plans accordingly. Toward the middle of November he was deemed sufficiently recovered to return to Meriden.

Ten years previously Baynes had written in 'Wild Bird Guests': 'Usually full grown birds,

like thoroughbred people, take their troubles, their dangers, even death itself, with quiet courage and without any fuss.' He was now proving his own words, for never did a man walk more calmly in the shadow of death, go more quietly about the business of life, or lay his plans with less attention to physical discomforts. So much remained to be done, and so little time was left, that a choice had to be made, and Baynes chose for his tasks what he thought would prove of greatest service to the world. The first was the completion of a book embodying all he had learnt in the study of the animal experimentation question. He planned to call it 'The Anti-Vivisection Hoax.' The ship was sinking, maybe, but he was determined that the enemy should see it go down with colors flying. The other task was to finish 'Animal Heroes of the Great War.'

By relinquishing work and conserving his strength, he might have postponed death. Friends wrote to tell of miraculous cures, of cases of wrong diagnoses by the doctors, of desperate operations that had proved successful. All these things Baynes considered calmly, and brushed aside. A few months, even a few weeks, of useful

work, meant more to him than the mere prolonging of existence. Oblivious of self, he was supremely great under the suspended sword of death.

Much will power was needed to overcome the sense of incessant weariness, which was the most distressing symptom he experienced. Each morning he rose — he made himself rise — and dressed with his usual care, even to the flower in his button-hole. He took short walks, and called upon old Meriden friends. There was a shade less color in his face, but otherwise he looked much as usual. His old interests occupied his thoughts and conversation, and there was never a word about himself.

In his home peace reigned. His wife, who had been his companion for nearly quarter of a century, turned quietly to the occupation that would give him most comfort and happiness. She prepared his meals with her own hand, and met smile with answering smile. When people live close to the sweet, pure, and truthful things of life, they become 'real people'; heroism and sacrifice are not alien states to be dealt with as best one can, but a natural part of the onward

movement of life. She had stood whole-heartedly behind all his aims, and encouraged all his projects. When he had given of his time, his talent, or his money, it was a double gift, for she loved that he should give. And now again she had approved his choice, and, with a bravery equal to her husband's, and to the exclusion of all repining, was filling the days with love and service. Sometimes he said, 'Is not this the strangest thing?' — alluding to his approaching death, which he seemed unable at times to realize.

All that loving and skilled care could do was done, to help him carry out his plan of usefulness. His secretary, Miss Isabel M. Cochrane, became his nurse, and there was no measure to her devotion. She had been a surgical nurse with the British Red Cross Volunteer Aid Detachments from 1914 to 1920 and had served in Malta through 1915-16, when the wounded from Gallipoli were handled there. It was largely due to Miss Cochrane that Baynes was enabled to continue his work to the very day before his death, for she helped him to fight the morphia and other drugs that were necessary to deaden the pain. For a length of time after his return to

Meriden, morphia was not used, and the doses of aspirin were halved, so that his mind remained clear and alert and he was able to dictate and give directions about his literary work. His buoyancy never deserted him, and when, as at times happened, he felt any improvement in his condition, he became very happy and hopeful.

The news of Baynes's illness spread the utmost consternation among his friends. Sorrow opens the heart, and it was his privilege to enjoy those sweet words of friendship and approval that usually remain unexpressed until the time when the beloved object can no longer hear them. 'I think God loves a man with courage like yours,' wrote one friend simply; and the editor of a great magazine summed up incisively in a few words straight from the heart: 'It is a great thing you are doing. There are not many who could be so cheerful, so inspiring; not many who could weigh their work in the balance as you have done, select that which will be of greatest benefit to mankind, and then proceed with all energy to reach the goal. As a background for your present courage there could be but one thing: a life spent in doing worth-while things, in making people

happier, in adding something to the richness of the lives of all those who have read your work and of countless others. The foundation upon which you have built is sound. You have not pursued false gods. If you had, it would not now be possible for you to take such a splendid, such a common-sense, attitude towards the fate which seems to be near at hand. You have thought it out, fought it out, and won the greatest battle of all. . . . The world is richer because of your work, and it will always be so. More than that cannot be said in praise of any man.'

A man at the head of his profession wrote: 'I want you to know that your friendship has meant more to me than anything except my wife and babies.' Many friends expressed a similar sentiment. 'From the moment I first saw your face across the table at The Tavern Club,' wrote another, 'I knew you were the kind of man to have for a friend, and I hoped you would like me. When you gripped my hand at the hospital, you showed me what a brave man is.' An official letter from The Tavern Club told him of the prolonged applause that had greeted his message, read at the Christmas celebration.

Sunday Nov 2

Dear Mr Bayne

You

don't know how
much we all love you
We have wished that
you would come out
and see us and tell

us stories. We have
always enjoyed your

stories and lectures
so much. We have
been thinking of the
times you used to
come out and tell us
stories after we had
quilted. We were
very sorry when
mother told us you
were sick. Those
winter you gave
medals had a good
you feeling right
then.

A LETTER FROM A LITTLE GIRL

Since a friend loveth at all times, Baynes answered letters, and with such cheer and courage that many of the recipients felt for the moment that surely their fears were unfounded. The second edition of 'The Sprite' appeared in December, and he autographed and sent away several copies. The delight with which the book was greeted gave him great pleasure. It is the last of the works published during his lifetime, and is perhaps the most exquisitely tender and sympathetic thing he ever wrote. Of the younger men in the field of nature work he had a thought when he sent them, through a friend in the American Museum of Natural History, his card index of the persons and institutions who had engaged him to lecture. His Christmas card bore the message, 'Joy to the World!'

During Christmas week letters, packages, flowers, and cards were showered upon Mr. Baynes. They were tributes of love and affection, and moved him greatly. He wished Christmas to be kept as usual. He even took a hand in stirring the Christmas pudding, and all made a wish; what they wished it is not hard to guess — but the wish was not fulfilled. On Christmas

morning he found upon his table a tin whistle decorated with ribbon, and supposed to be the pipes of Pan. He tooted on it, and enjoyed the fun. Two or three friends joined the family circle for an early dinner, which was very jolly. No stranger could have guessed that there was a hidden sorrow. Toward evening a friend appeared with a tiny Christmas tree in a flower pot, with lighted candles. Later, they all went across the lawn to the church, and witnessed the village pageant. It was the last time Baynes appeared in public.

For more than a fortnight after Christmas Baynes continued to rise each morning and to dress with his accustomed care. For many hours each day he applied himself to the work on the two books, but during meal times he relaxed and chatted. He particularly enjoyed the afternoon hour when the lights came, and tea. It was then that he loved to tell amusing stories, and the heroic little household was wont to have a very gay time. Presently there came a morning when he did not leave his bed, but he still worked on with all his strength, and kept in touch with the outside world. He completed a poem, 'Wild

Geese at Night,' and wrote another, 'The Last Race,' a message for his friends to be published after his death. To his nephew he sent two of his medals, one being a silver medal representing the highest honor Baynes had ever gained in a race, namely, second place in the ten-mile championship of America. 'In every contest,' he wrote, in a letter accompanying the medals, 'a man should set out with the desire to win. He should play his very hardest, but he should play the cleanest game he knows how to play. Then, if he wins, his victory will amount to something. . . .'

On January 17, he wrote to one of his friends: 'I have been grateful for, and very much cheered up by, the splendid letters you have sent me from time to time. . . . I am sending you these few lines to say that the end seems rather near. One cannot, of course, predict the exact moment; probably it will come some time within the next few days, so, unless I am mistaken, I will take this opportunity to say good-bye to you, my dear friends, who have given me your valuable friendship, devotedly and without reserve. You have done very much to make happy the last few years, and especially the last few weeks of my

life.' The letter was typed, but the signature was in his own bold writing, 'Harold Baynes,' the name by which he was known to his friends.

He was indeed weary, weary. He could eat no more, and the time came when he could no longer drink. Yet his patience and sweetness never forsook him, nor his solicitude for the comfort of those around him. He insisted that the little household should have tea by his bedside, and he continued to amuse them with stories and reminiscences. On January 20, they had tea together for the last time, and afterwards Baynes continued dictating for 'Animal Heroes,' and signed several copies of 'The Last Race' for friends. At length he sank back on his pillows to rest for the night.

What does a man think of during the last quickly speeding hours? It is said that the whole life flashes by in review. For Harold Baynes life had been a contest, a glorious contest! He had striven with all his might. It had been a little like that walk in the snow. There had been dangers, but somehow he had faced each one and had come safely through. Toward the end of that walk, so long ago, all his thoughts had been bent

on forcing his unwilling limbs to do their duty. That too was like the finish of this journey, this longer journey which now seemed so short. But it had been so full. There had been those early days at Stamford, when he had run over the hills and fields, and had gradually discerned, in the clear, pure air of the countryside, the beginnings of that life close to nature that lay ahead. How he had yearned over the little creatures of meadow and tree! And in what full measure had his dearest wish come to pass — to have their confidence! The wild birds had come to his hands and shoulders; unresisting, they had allowed him to lift them from their nests and lay them gently back. Wild mothers had entrusted their young to him. Shy little flying squirrels had nestled to him at night in the woods. Then there was that strange procession of friends — the little black bear, with whom he wrestled and walked hand in paw; Romulus, who turned from shooting evil glances at all others, to smile at him; Polaris, his still missed companion, who had at length sailed away from his friends to a strange life of hardship amid the snow and ice and the bitter winds of the Labrador; and, most loved of

all, The Sprite, spirit of beauty, very symbol of Nature. And what noble people it had been his privilege to meet as he journeyed on! There had been some jealous people, it is true, some enemies during these last few years. But they were the exceptions, and perhaps they did not understand the beauty of life; perhaps they had not had fathers and mothers like his father and mother. But enmity would perish and become nothing, like all evil things; indeed, it had already perished, and the world seemed like the little village of Meriden — all friends! Surely a man had rarely been blessed with so many friends, so many beautiful memories! There was his sister, of whom he had been so proud, and who had died; and that little old lady in the West with that strange, unearthly beauty in her eyes; and the saintly presence of the great Cardinal; and those multitudes of American men and women, his friends, who in their different spheres of Medicine, Science, Art, Letters, the Home, would leave the world better than they had found it; and then, dearest, closest, most sacred of all, his wife, such a fragile little woman, but so great in her love and help and tenderness. His work had

called him from her side for many a long week and month, but always he had been near her in spirit. To her he had written, sometimes each day — from California, where he had ridden an ostrich and swum in the Pacific Ocean; from France, with those strange memories of Joan of Arc; from Rome, where he had lain in the moonlight on the topmost arch of the Colosseum; from the Isles of Greece; from Egypt, where he had had a sunstroke; from Jerusalem. Sick or well, or out of funds and out of luck, he had written with high courage and fine humor. Then there had been another time when he had visited Niagara, and had written in pensive mood: 'I sat for hours watching the Falls — the river, the incessantly falling masses of "apple green and silver," the white clouds rising from the seething caldron below, and the quieting of the waters as they emerged from the abyss and entered the broader river beyond. To me the scene typifies human life and death. Far up the river the smooth and shining water is childhood and youth. Soon this is drawn into the rapids of later life, there to jostle and hurry, and crowd and fight, and be buffeted against the rocks in the stream, until

at last comes the plunge over the brink into the abyss, dark and unfathomed, but with arching rainbows of hope and promise above. Finally, the quiet waters of the widening river beyond, symbolizing the Peace of Death.'

CHAPTER XIV

IMMORTALITY

HAROLD BAYNES slipped peacefully away on the morning of January 21, 1925. He had been spared any great suffering throughout the course of his illness, which was a source of consolation to his friends. On January 24, a service was held in Meriden. The morning had been darkened by a solar eclipse, but the sun shone once more, and the air was filled with music of birds, as the beloved naturalist's body was borne across the snow to the little stone church.

The passing of Harold Baynes profoundly moved a very large number of persons, and for many weeks tributes of affection continued to reach his widow. In the words of appreciation and sorrow, whether printed or written, there was nothing of the conventional, but none surpassed the following in true depth of feeling: 'To our dear friend, Mrs. Baynes — The members of the Wyncote Bird Club, old and young, each in his or her own earnest way, reach out across the miles between thee and them, trying

to tell thee how we hold thee in tender sympathy, how we love thy dear man, how grateful we are that we have had the privilege of thus knowing him and of sharing, in greater or lesser measure, in the strength and sweetness of the fine, clean manliness and beautiful mind and spirit that made thy Beloved! With our love to thee goes the hope that the rest of the way may be glad for thee, even though alone; for surely the many, many helpful, heartening touches given so freely to lives all about him, must reflect cheer and heartshine to thee, his loved comrade. And over and above the heartache and the loneliness must ring the joy of the years you have had together.'

There is a spot on the side of Croydon Mountain, near the edge of a steep crag, where Baynes was accustomed to sit, alone, or with chosen friends. There, in the pure mountain air, far away from the cares and duties of his busy life, he could seek peace. It was his favorite resting-place. On a clear day, therefore, late in May, when Nature was decked once more in the delicate greens of spring-time, his ashes were taken to this beautiful spot, and scattered over the tree-tops. And there, sunk level with the surface



THE COTTAGE WHERE HE DIED

of the rock, high above the rivers and valleys of New England, was placed a bronze tablet, with the simple inscription:

HERE WERE SCATTERED THE ASHES

OF

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

LOVER OF ANIMALS AND MEN

AND LOVED OF THEM

May 1, 1868

January 21, 1925

By the River of Life, Harold Baynes planted a seed from the tree of Joy, and ere his passing, the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field found shelter and refreshment. No one can estimate its future growth, for Joy is eternal.

And up among the hills of New Hampshire, to whose encircling peace he was wont to return after each weary journey, there will ever remain that spot where, 'like the soft sunshine, the spirit of Baynes the bird lover broods over the place. Everybody knew him, everybody loved him and now that he is gone, footsteps are a little more reverent and quiet as they tread the grassy paths through the shadowy stillness of the bird sanctuary.'

THE END

THE LAST RACE

(A poem written by Harold Baynes during his last weeks, and intended as a message to reach his friends after he had passed on. Published in 'The Outlook' for February 4, 1925)

I have the mount on Courage to-day,
And Death is riding the White,
Through the paddock gate, with a smile at fate,
To the track in the slanting light.

The odds on Death are short, they say,
And how shall a sportsman choose?
There is just one test, you must ride your best,
Then you win, if you win or lose.

We face the flag on our hill-rimmed course,
It falls to a perfect start,
No waiting race — we must set the pace,
The pace that will break the heart.

On the long back stretch we lead by a length,
Old Courage asserting his pride,
While Death shows fight and calls on the White —
He rides! for he has to ride.

As we swing to the straight, we are still in the van,
My horse at the top of his speed,
With Death's coming fast — we are nearing the last,
And the last is already decreed.

The horses, lapped to their saddle girths,
Rush through like a storm-swept fire —
Death wins! Bravo! But I laugh in his face,
As he noses me out at the wire.

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with
Wilbur Hall

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